The Australian Women's Weekly

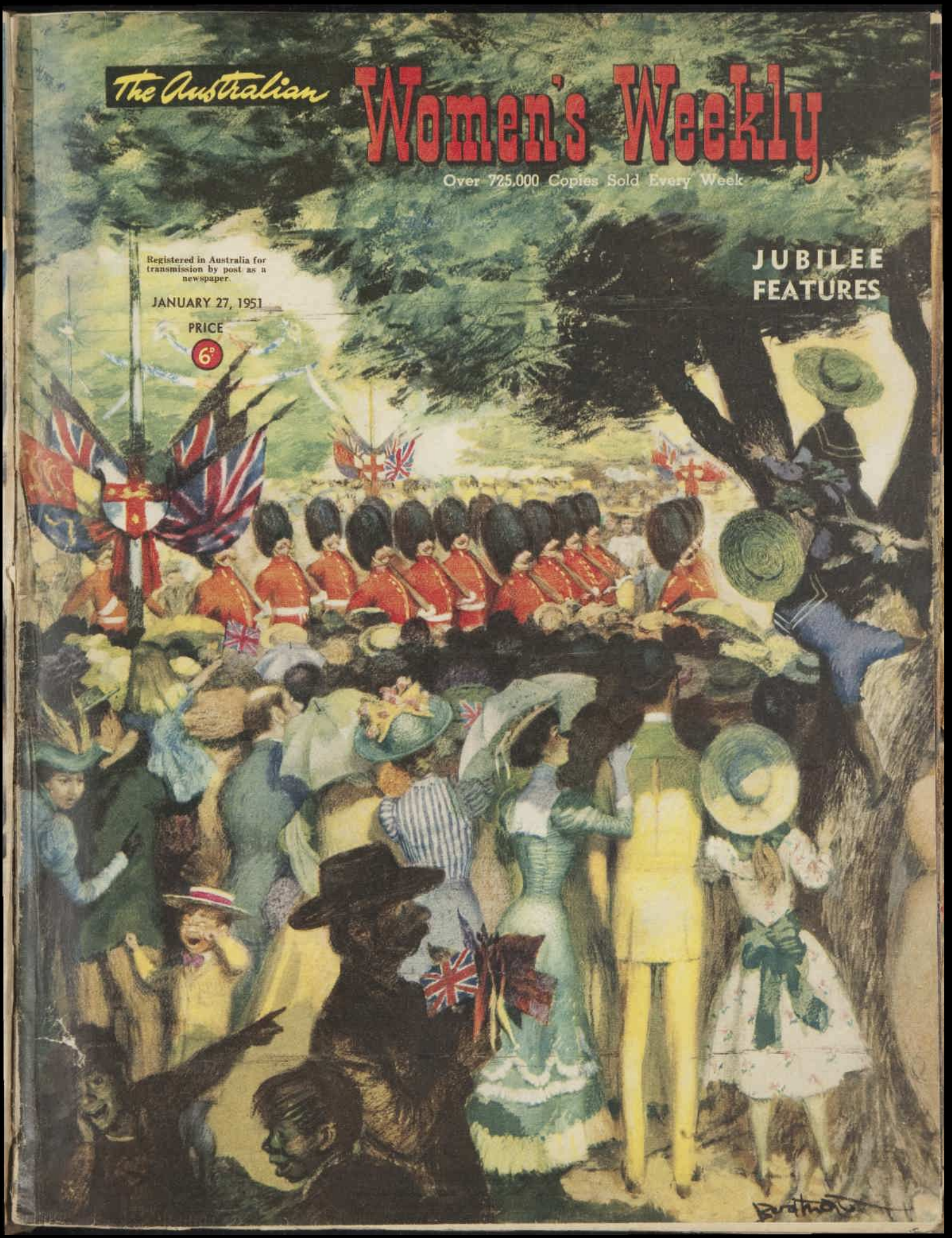
Over 725,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

JANUARY 27, 1951

PRICE 6d

JUBILEE FEATURES



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799781

A NEW WOMAN AFTER ONLY TEN WEEKS OF KRUSCHEN!

THE HORRORS OF DAY AND NIGHT BOMBING FORGOTTEN

"Miraculous," is how Mrs. W. F. Preston, now of Avalon, N.S.W., describes the change in her mental and physical well-being after only ten weeks of taking a tiny daily dose of Kruschen.

READ MRS. PRESTON'S LETTER FOR YOURSELF

"After living in London throughout the war and experiencing the horrors of both day and night bombing raids, which had an adverse effect on my health, there followed six years during which I suffered from insomnia and acute mental depression. At 31 years of age I felt completely worn out.

About ten weeks ago I began taking a tiny daily dose of Kruschen Salts and the only word which will adequately describe the result is 'miraculous.' I now sleep soundly, eat heartily and feel wonderfully fit. I would never have believed it possible for my outlook on life to change so completely in so short a time . . . no more gloom and misery, it will be 'Kruschen for ever!'

With grateful thanks,
Yours sincerely,
J. M. PRESTON
(Mrs. W. F. Preston)"

INTERNAL FITNESS IS THE SECRET

Look at the men and women around you. Take heed of those who are bright of eye, clear of skin . . . they know the secret of abounding health . . . their systems are just as fit as their muscles. Yes, indeed, to live and enjoy every moment of life to the full you must cleanse the system of poisonous wastes that infect the bloodstream and lead to no end of common ailments. The medicinal dose of Kruschen's skilful combination of six natural salts will stimulate liver and kidneys to function properly. Then the "little daily dose" of Kruschen will keep you fit and well. Like Mrs. Preston you'll say "Kruschen Forever."

Mrs. Preston finds the calm of living in a caravan at Avalon mighty different from wartime London. She feels mighty different, too, thanks to her daily dose of Kruschen Salts.

The world's best heal
ance is always to pla
mount importance on
cleanliness. A bod
thoroughly clean insid
best chance of keeping
A daily dose of Krusc
helps keep the system

**HOW KRUS
DOES IT**

Kruschen Salts are
combination of six
salts. These salts stim
liver and wash out th
and help them to
system free of p
wastes. A clean intern
keeps the bloodstrea
and healthy. Gone
causes that may lead
ailments as Rheu
Aching Joints, Lu
Backache, Neuritis.

**TWO WAYS TO
KRUSCHEN**

Medicinal Dose for
tism, gout, lumbago—
spoonful in a glass
water, daily. The "Litt
Dose"—as much as wi
a sixpence is tasteless
morning cup of tea—gi
that "Kruschen Feelin

TRIAL SIZE 1/9 LARGE ECONOMY 3/-

KRUSCHEN SALT

At Chemists and

The tonic effect of Kruschen keeps millions of people

GET THAT FAMOUS KRUSCHEN FEELI

E. Griffiths Hughes Pty. Ltd., Box 2949, G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799782

Cappy

by A.E. Martin

ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE

WORLD LIBRARY 23 JAN 1951

WE are sitting on the verandah in the cool of the evening, my wife and I and a nice young fellow from the city who is spending a holiday in the town. He has a job on a newspaper, and has been told, no doubt, that I am a rare one for a gossip and has popped round to see what he can pick up.

My wife is in her big chair, and her fingers are busy, as always, knitting something or other for someone who will give her small thanks, and a silence has come such as falls on old people who have much to remember. The newspaper lad thinks it will not be polite to let it continue, and, to make conversation, he says: "Well, they'll be making history in Canberra this year all right. I suppose you'll remember the opening of the first parliament, Mr. Grayson?"

My memory goes beyond that, I tell him, to the times when it was a fight to decide whether we would have federation at all, with no more than a paltry five thousand majority saying yes to it when the first referendum was submitted to New South Wales, though, I recall, Victoria and South Australia were all for the idea.

"If it's history, we've made it in this house," I tell the young fellow. "And, though this is not Canberra, our story has a bearing on it."

My wife shakes a slow head at me and there is on her lips the tolerant smile I have known the fifty years and more of our married life. She has learned that there is no stopping a garrulous old man, though, for politeness' sake, she says, "You mustn't bore the gentleman, Dennis."

Ah, well! The lad sat it out and not, I think, out of respect for his elders for, when it was told, he went over to my wife's chair and said a very pretty thing. So pretty it was I offered him another drink, which he said he'd be proud to take. After he'd had it, I saw him to the gate and came slowly back to the verandah and sat down by Cappy and held her hand to stay the busy click of the needles, and we sat silent in the dark, as we often do now, looking out on to the silent hills that knew us when we were young.

"Federal capital!" my uncle used to say in scorn. "Who wants a capital city stuck away in the bush? What's wrong with Sydney?" he'd demand, though he never went to the place.

He was a long, lean, argumentative man, used to having his own way, with everyone in the district agreeing with his views to save words. It was in 1899, and I was a young chap of twenty-two, straight and brown and eager, and handsome enough in my way, I suppose, though I hadn't thought much about it.

Please turn to page 4

A sweet picture she made as part way up the stairs she turned and bade me a gracious good-night.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799783

NOW!

MONEY SAVING

A KOLYNOS SIZE FOR EVERYONE!

92% OF DENTAL DECAY GERMS ARE DESTROYED BY KOLYNOS

Tests by famous North American and European Universities prove that up to 92% of dental decay bacteria in the mouth are destroyed by Kolynos. Tests also prove that this exclusive Kolynos anti-decay action lasts for hours.

There is no better way to guard against dental decay than by using Kolynos regularly after meals. And, of course, there is no better way of saving money. One tube of Kolynos lasts as long as two tubes of ordinary toothpaste. So always ask for Kolynos — and now take your choice of these *four* sizes.

KOLYNOS Fights Decay Better

Tastes better — lasts longer

Cappy

Continued from page 3

ONE late afternoon I stood on the broad verandah of our stone cottage, listening to but not heeding my uncle's words, my mind on the meal my aunt would presently serve, when I caught sight of a buggy and pair coming briskly down the broad street.

A stranger, I thought, for none of our acquaintance would drive a vehicle of so bold a color, and the spanking greys belonged to nobody we knew.

When the buggy was driven right by O'Brien's pub, my uncle and I wondered greatly, for there was no other accommodation for fifteen miles. Past the general store it came towards us, past the two vacant blocks Mrs. Clancy was trying so hard to sell, and old Grant came out of his bakery to stare as it clattered by.

Then it was near enough for us to see that it was driven by a small, hatless man with white hair. Sitting by his side was a young woman the like of whom I had never set eyes upon.

In less than no time they were abreast our gate, the dust settling behind them as the man drew rein. He called courteously, and I followed my uncle on to the road, where a conversation began.

I looked past my uncle's shoulder at the girl, and our eyes met. There was the touch of roses in her cheeks, and her eyebrows were smooth arches, and it seemed to me her red lips were trembling on the edge of secret smiles. She made me feel small and lowly and humble and grateful that God should have given so beautiful a thing to the world.

My uncle was explaining that there was no inn but O'Brien's, and the man was looking concerned and saying he hadn't relished the idea of taking his niece there.

The thing I was praying for happened, and my uncle invited the strangers to share a meal with us, and they got down from the buggy and I climbed in and drove the greys to the stable and watered and fed them.

The girl gave me a shy greeting as I sat down beside her later and I noted that my uncle, at the head of the table, was listening with great deference to the stranger.

He was the best-dressed man I had ever seen. His pink cheeks were shaved clean and gleaming like polished apples, and a neat waxed moustache matched his silver hair and eyebrows.

He was saying: "I had high hopes of your town, Mr. Dugness, and it has not disappointed me. I confess quite frankly that when old George said to me, 'Go and spy out the land for me, Chalmers,' I was amazed."

He explained to my aunt, as though my uncle would have perfectly understood, "I am speaking of George Reid, the Premier, Mrs. Dugness." He shrugged. "One may not always agree with his politics, but there is no denying the man has talent. 'Play the game right, George,' I said to him once, 'and you'll be the first Prime Minister of Australia.'" He turned deferentially to my uncle. "Was I right, sir? What is your opinion?"

I could hardly believe I was sitting at table with one who had been on such familiar terms with the leader of the government whose name at the time was on everyone's lips and I could see that my uncle was flattered.

"Reid is a very good man," I heard him say, though often he had expressed a directly contrary opinion. "But why, Mr. Chalmers, should he be interested in our town?"

"Ah, you will have to put your own construction on that," Mr. Chalmers said. He glanced round him and then said in an undertone to my uncle, "At a more private moment we may have a quiet word."

And so they stayed and I came to know Cappy though on that first evening I had not one direct word with her, for I sat dumb as a cluck listening to only the half of the conversation.

When at last it was time for the girl to retire, my aunt bade me hold the lamp at the stairhead, and, to my dying day, I will remember the sweet picture she made as, part way up the steps, she turned, candle in hand, and bade me a gracious goodnight.

There had been much secret discourse between my uncle and Mr. Chalmers, but they were through at last and, when his guest had gone to his room, Uncle leaned against the mantelshelf and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"A very able man Chalmers. There are big things afoot," he announced to me. "Not a word to a soul, mind you, but the site of the Federal Capital is practically fixed. And where do you think it will be built? Why, right here." He jerked his thumb downwards as though Parliament House might occupy our very hearth.

I took my candle and went to my room and undressed slowly, thinking, not of the thing my uncle had told me, but of Cappy.

Next morning my uncle sought me and said with a wink: "I'm going to potter round with Mr. Chalmers, Dennis. I'd be obliged if you'll show his niece the beauty spots."

I took her down by the river and, shy and self-conscious, we moved slowly along the bank. I had always thought it a lovely spot and now, as I held aside the low, sweeping branches for her, she became part of the picture. We walked up and up through growing bracken and blackberry bush higher than my head till we came at last on a small clearing and could look down on the nestling township.

"To think that some day that will be a great and bustling city," I said.

FOR a while Cappy didn't speak, but her eyes drank in the scene. I followed her gaze to where, high on the slope, I could discern the white dots that were the headstones of those who slept the long sleep. They rested in a pleasant place, I thought, with the green plots set about with pine and camphor laurel and towering silky oak.

At last Cappy said: "Here there is so much peace. It would be a shame to spoil it with city things." She smiled at me. "But it will be years before you notice the change." I was thinking, of course, that she knew all about the Federal Capital business and was surprised when she added, "I've been wondering why Uncle came here."

Greatly daring, I asked: "Are you sorry he brought you?"

She looked searchingly at me and I held steadfast to her eyes, though my heart w[illegible] and I was was t[illegible] leaf. "No," she sai[illegible] not sorry. I am [illegible]

And then it wa[illegible] between us had bee[illegible] I spread my banda[illegible] she sat on a boulder [illegible] our tongues, lean[illegible] other the importa[illegible] parents had been k[illegible] accident, but that w[illegible] whereas she had [illegible] her father had [illegible] months before. H[illegible] captain.

Please turn to page 17

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799784

Quiz Happy

It was staggering for Bob to be chosen for this session, but not nearly so amazing as what followed.

By Jean Horner

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER

THE announcer's voice concluded, "And so we leave you to-night, folks. But we'll be with you again next Monday evening, with more music, laughter, money, prizes, and of course more quiz questions. And don't forget, folks, for that tired, run-down feeling take Parson's Pep Pills."

Mr. Burton stretched across the arm of his chair and turned off the wireless. "Well, Em, not a bad show to-night. A washing machine and an electric lawn mower gone off."

Mrs. Burton put her knitting down on her lap, took off her glasses and wiped them on the hem of her cotton housedress.

"Marvellous, isn't it, Dad, the luck of some people? A washing machine, eh? Certainly would be nice to have one, with the boys' dirty shirts and all. Gets through the wash in less than no time they say. Oh, well, it's nice hearing about it, anyway. Makes a bit of excitement listening in and wondering what's going off."

She smoothed back her greying hair, took a hairpin out of the skimpy bun at the back and jabbed it in again. "I'll make a cup of tea now, Dad."

Seated later at the kitchen table where he had his tea Mr. Burton asked, "How do people get into these quizzes, Em?"

"I think you write in and ask for tickets, Bob. I remember Mrs. Johnson's Barbara went to one once, but she didn't get picked for the quiz."

"What about us writing in for one of 'em, Em? It might be a bit of fun."

Mrs. Burton looked doubtful. "Not so much fun if we got picked. Fancy me up on a stage trying to answer questions! Or you!" she added.

"Don't worry," Mr. Burton said decidedly, "we'd never get picked."

Some weeks later when Mrs. Burton was "doing" her front steps the postman's whistle sounded. She straightened up and looked towards the gate.

"Two for you to-day," said a cheery voice.

Mrs. Burton put the mop carefully into the bucket and went to the box. She turned the letters over and over, finally mumbling to herself, "One's from May, probably nothing but moans as usual, rising prices, and the like."

The other had a typewritten address and as she inspected it a worried frown wrinkled her forehead. "Hope it's not that Johnny again," she murmured.

Johnny was the Burtons' thirteen-year-old troublemaker. At most times his engaging grin saved him from the consequences of his pranks, but once Mr. Burton had received a letter from a solicitor about him, saying that he'd be pleased if his son was kept out of catapult range of his windows, or further action would be taken.

Since then Mrs. Burton had lived in dread of that "further action."

So she handled the second letter warily.

"Best open it, I suppose," she thought.

She did so, and as she saw the letterhead paper an excited glow spread over her face.

"Tickets! Oh, my goodness, they've sent them!" She read: "The Proprietors of Parson's Pep Pills . . ." and could not go on in her excitement.

Before her husband had time to take off his hat that night she handed him the tickets. "It's a special night, too, Dad," she said. "Aren't we lucky!"

"Can we come, too, Mum?" chorused the family, with Johnny's voice above the rest.

"Indeed you can't. This is for me and Dad for a change. Haven't had a night out together for a long time, have we, Dad?"

"Can't remember when, Em," her husband replied, but his voice could not be heard above the rabble of protest that came from the boys.

"Must look my best to-night, Em," said Mr. Burton as he dressed in his freshly pressed blue suit. "This old Births and Marriages good enough to go with your new floral?"

"Of course it is, Dad," she replied quite skittishly.

"This is better than courting days, Mum. At least I know where I stand. More than I did in those days."

"You mightn't know where you stand in a little while when you get up answering those questions, Bob. Stop fiddling with that tie. You look all right."

Mrs. Burton walked towards the front door, calling last-minute instructions to the boys.

"Maybe we'll bring back a washing machine," chuckled Dad as he went out.

Mum said quietly, "Or an electric mower." Then clutching her husband's arm, "I'm getting all worked up. I'm sure if you get picked I'll have to hold my breath all the time."

"We won't get picked," Mr. Burton reassured her with breezy confidence. "Good thing, too," he added. "You have to get around to know about all the latest song hits, and the sporting and the pictures they ask about."

There was quite a crowd in the auditorium by the time they arrived, but Mr. Burton succeeded in getting good seats. It seemed no time before the compere had got through the preliminaries, including details of the special prizes that were being offered.

And then it happened. First person to be "picked" for the quiz was Mr. Burton.

Mrs. Burton sat forward in her seat, every muscle tense as he approached the microphone nervously wiping his forehead. What on earth would Bob do—or say—now?

"Your name, sir?" the quizmaster asked.

"Robert Burton."

"Where are you from, Mr. Burton?"

"Edgeville."

"Well, Mr. Burton, welcome to our show. You know the rules?"

Bob grinned and shuffled nervously. "Yes, I listen in every week," he managed. "The wife and I wouldn't miss."

"That's grand, Mr. Burton. Now what will you take—sport, films, history——"

"History," Mr. Burton said quickly. He said it like a drowning man snatching at a straw, but the quizmaster beamed.

Please turn to page 31

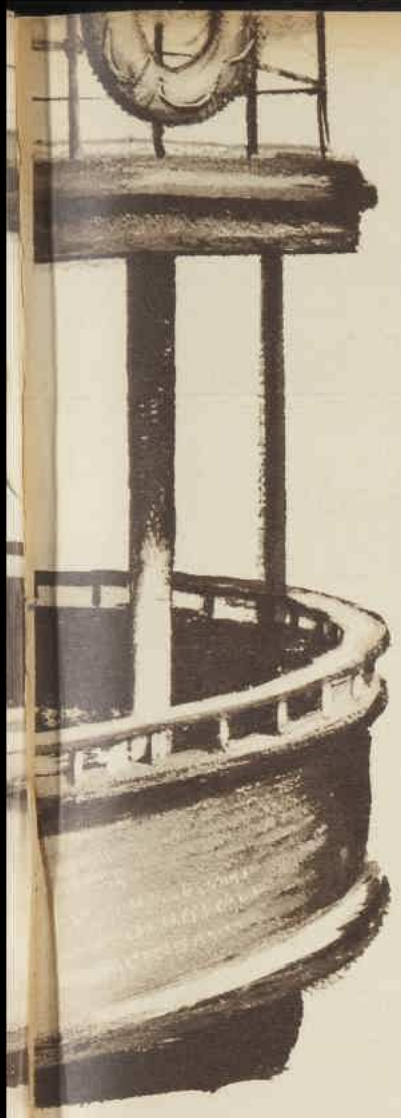
"Fifteen seconds to go, Mr. Burton," the quizmaster said, smiling encouragingly. Bob's face assumed a do-or-die expression, but no sound came from his tightly compressed lips.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799785

But that's another story

A short story by HELEN FRIZELL

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799786



"Now then, keep together," Mr. Marshall called from the rear. "We don't want to spoil the day by losing anyone."

It was a day to remember, a public holiday, crowds celebrating, a grand procession through the city, and the added excitement of Ellen's and Stephen's engagement.

FATHER was still harping on the subject of Federation at breakfast time. "Federation will be the ruination of the nation," he said with intense irritation and an unsuspected sense of rhythm.

"Yes, dear," answered my mother, turning her head so that he could not see the smile on her lips. "Still," she said, pouring more tea from the pot, "Federation starts to-day, and it's too late to do anything about it."

It was New Year's Day, 1901, and the summer sun, hot already at eight in the morning, was pouring into the room, its brightness intensified by the red stained glass panels in the front door and the windows. Vestiges of the scarlet tinged my father's face, painful as sunburn, whenever Federation was mentioned.

We were impatient for breakfast to be over, so that we could join the crowds streaming down to the wharf, where the loaded ferry boats headed for the city and its carnival in honor of to-day's Federation.

All of us—my mother, my youngest sister, Maria, and the twins, Rory and Anthony—toyed with our meal. I felt as if the porridge would choke me.

But ritual was ritual, from the porridge covered with brown sugar and milk, to the white and yellow fried eggs flanked by thick, striped slices of bacon. I tried to force myself not to look at the toast forced into the silver racks, but forward to the processions, the picnic lunch in Centennial Park, to the evening when Stephen Marshall and I would become engaged. That is, if father agreed.

There was no reason why father should refuse. Stephen was quite eligible, good looking, holding down a job in an import firm. The Marshalls, and my family, the Cartwrights, were old friends. And besides, at 18, I knew I was certain of being in love, irrevocably, knowing that underneath the excitement of romance lay the deep certainty of our future together.

My father's voice cut through my dreams with a remark addressed to us all. "And what," he said solemnly, "causes the general appearance of festivity?"

We gasped. In a quarter of an hour's time we were due to leave the house in a gay procession, with mother in her new blouse and tailored skirt, with the boys in their best sailor suits, Maria in sprigged muslin, and me in green linen and the hat. The hat was upstairs in its box—new, and, of course, just the very latest. I was thrilled with it, and looking forward to seeing Stephen's reaction to it.

"Federation," we said in a chorus, wishing that father's sense of humor would return, hoping that he would not continue his act of a heavy Victorian parent into the Twentieth Century.

"I gather that you are off to see the ceremonies," stated father, wiping a shred of bacon off his beard with a table napkin. "Go if you like, but I am certainly staying at home to mourn the commonsense that has died with Federation."

I couldn't argue with father, and mother didn't bother, because we knew him for a die-hard Conservative. For weeks past we'd heard him on the subject of Federation, announcing that the country had gone on for 100 years, progressing every day. He'd said that the old pioneer spirit had made Australia what it was, and there were enough politicians, anyway, without needing more in a Federal Government.

After that, we could hardly have expected that father would turn round and join in the celebrations. Still, I'd thought several times that he was interested. One day I saw father reading about the plans for the procession with deep interest. When he saw that I was watching him he put the paper aside, screwed up his face, and said angrily: "Waste of good money," and walked out of the room.

It seemed strange to leave the house in which father sat sternly reading his morning paper, knowing that the maids were not dusting and polishing as usual, but were off, like us, to town.

We boarded the ferry with the Marshalls. Stephen and I sat together, not talking much, ignoring the chattering children who scampered along the decks. To the music of the ferry's band, the land moved past, like a cyclorama. There went our house, high and four square against both southerlies and wrongdoing, sliding past effortlessly went the woody slopes and lovely homes on the waterfront, and the stony block of Fort Denison, which still held its earlier name of Pinchgut; and here came the wharves where ships' masts, burdened with flags, stabbed at the sky.

With much noise and shouting, ropes were looped over stanchions, gangplanks were pushed up, and off we went, leaving the Quay, where the oily green water clucked against the barnacled piles.

Stephen's father, a jovial man who wore a gold watch and chain stretched tight over his rotund figure, kept us together in the crowd.

"Now then, keep together," Mr. Marshall called from the rear. "We don't want to spoil the day by losing anyone."

He joked about Stephen to me, as we lurched in the tram through the packed streets, past the enormous arch of coal erected by the people of Newcastle, and past the flags, the greenery, and the elaborate colonnades, where the crowds stood ten deep to wait for the procession.

"Stephen needs to be henpecked, Ellen," he said. "Hope someone will do the pecking one day soon before he becomes too obstreperous."

Stephen laughed, as the young laugh at the old who forget what life was like, and told me about the ring wedged tight into his pocket.

But I didn't think of the ring, not so very much, but about Stephen, who liked all the things that I did—the singing, the tennis playing, and the lovely modern houses with domes shiny with aluminium, and big gardens full of bamboo and trees. We planned, as the tram jolted along, what Stephen would say to father to-night.

"Pretend I'm father," I said, and Stephen's eyes were lost under laughter-crinkled lids. He turned solemnly to me, so good-looking and tall, wearing his bowler hat at just the right angle and said:

"Mr. Cartwright-er-er——"

"Come on," I pleaded, then changing my voice to a mock baritone, said sternly, "What is it, young Marshall? Hear you've been to the swearing-in of the Governor-General. Shocking, I call it. Don't approve of Federation. What do you think?"

"It's a fine thing," said Stephen.

"No," I cried, holding his hand shamelessly. "Start again."

With mock seriousness Stephen began, "I am here, sir, to ask for the hand of your beautiful daughter Ellen. I know I am not worthy of her, for I shall drink, beat her, and make her live in a hovel, but all the same I love her."

There was a burst of laughter in the compartment. Unknown to us the tram had stopped while the conductor tried to shift people from the footboards and roof where they had clambered. Stephen's voice had sounded in the silence, and blushing pinkly I turned my head away.

And then we were in the park, where young boys were hanging from the trees like monkeys. The sun beat down, and all the women put up their sunshades against it. Mine was white, with a long ivory handle, and I kept it like a barricade between plump Mrs. Marshall, whose feet were hurting in her new shoes, my mother, Maria, and the twins, while Mr. Marshall, facetious as ever, kept peering underneath it.

THE sound of the procession came from a long way off, the cheering and the clapping rolling towards us like breakers on the beach. Then they were in sight, British soldiers sweltering under busbies, politicians in coaches, trade unionists marching past, the butchers, in dungarees, carrying knives, all with their tools of trade.

A huge square was formed, and the Earl of Hopetoun, our first Governor-General, was sworn in. We strained our ears to hear the speeches, we sang the hymns, and cheered like the others.

Over the heads of the crowd in front, everything seemed dim and far away. Parasols, tall men, blocked the view. It was hotter and muggier than ever.

"I can't see," I murmured, as a man taller than the others crowded us out. He was tall, straight-backed, standing there with his hat in hand as "God Save the Queen" was played.

It caused consternation when I fainted, having to be assisted by my mother and the Marshalls to the shade of a Moreton Bay fig, where I lay on the grass quite artfully languid.

After a few minutes I judged it was time to revive, after my mother had fanned me, and put her bottle of smelling salts under my nose.

When I became conscious, the tall man had vanished, so that I was able to recover, to picnic on cold chicken, salad, and fruit cake washed down with ginger pop.

It was night when we reached our ferry, whirled, and crushed through the streets with the enormous crowds, to the dark harbor, where warships rode at anchor, decked from stem to stern with acetylene gaslights.

We took hansom cabs on the last stretch to home, Stephen, Maria, Rory, and I in one. We sang going up the hill, in time with clip-clop of the horse—"Soldiers of the Queen," "Hearts and Flowers," "After the Ball," and "Ta-Ra-Ra Boom-De-Ay."

I'll remember this, I thought, leaning against the warm stuff of Stephen's coat. The sound of singing, and of pianos being played. The smell of horses and leather, the taste of sticky sweets, and the brightness about everything—from the street lamps to the Southern Cross. Politicians said in speeches that the Southern Cross symbolised our future.

I hoped it did. I liked the sparkling pointer stars, the others called by their Greek names—Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon.

Like the Southern Cross, our house was lit up. In the open doorway father was standing, looking as stern as he had in the morning.

Stephen told the cabby to stop, pushing up the little trapdoor in the roof with his stick. Then I was helped from the hansom, holding my skirts carefully so that the lovely dress should not become smeared with grease or dirt.

The other hansom pulled up behind us, spilling out its passengers. Rory and Anthony, wild with the excitement of the day, went rushing up the path towards father, waving flags in their right hands.

But a "Not so much noise, boys," from mother subdued them. We went inside down the hallway, where a curtain of beads separated the back of the house from the front, and into the sitting-room. I whispered to Stephen that when we had our home we wouldn't have red plush tablecloths or bobble fringe along the mantelpiece. We sat side by side, oblivious to Mr. Marshall's loud laughter and father's icy silence.

Secretively I burrowed my fingers into Stephen's pocket, touched the minute box where the diamond ring was kept. I tried to open the box, and felt it click free. The tip of my finger moved over the gold ring, and against my skin I felt each separate diamond. I laughed and removed my hand.

Mother didn't dare to mention Federation or what had happened during the day. Ethel, the maid, had the table set for us, and, like breakfast, the meal dragged on until the moment when Stephen could put his question.

I sat nervously in the sitting-room with the others, thinking of Stephen facing my father in the smoke-room, Stephen feeling the five-stone diamond ring in his pocket.

The interview took half-an-hour, and my heart jumped when the door opened and Stephen and father emerged.

It was all right, Stephen signalled to me across the room, and then father put it into words, saying that Stephen was a fine young man, just the right husband for his daughter.

Then Stephen kissed me, and mother kissed him, as well as Mrs. Marshall and my sister Maria. The men shook hands, and clapped one another on the back, until father hurried off to return with champagne from the cellar.

"I'd like to propose a toast," he said, his face free from the sternness that it had worn in the morning, "to Ellen and Stephen. May they be happy, may the 20th century bring them peace and prosperity and joy."

Naturally there were more toasts. Father was in his element standing there with his glass in hand, commanding silence.

"One more toast," he ordered, and we stood to hear it.

"Let us drink," said father, "to Federation, which will be the Salvation of the Nation, and to Australia."

An hour later Stephen and I sat in the under-sea greenness of the glasshouse, the ring shimmering on my finger in the filtered moonlight. Perhaps, I thought, I will tell him another time of how my father, the die-hard Conservative, convinced against his will, stood in front of me and cheered the Governor-General and Federation, while his family thought he was disapproving at home.

Not now, though, I decided, glad that I had been resourceful enough to faint and draw the family away from him. Not on a night with the harbor sparkling with fireworks and moonlight, not with Stephen and I and our happiness diamond bright and enduring. Putting Federation out of my mind, I turned to Stephen and the future.

(Copyright)

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799787

Cyanide for supper

The wedding preparations were too hectic, even before murder struck into them . . . Beginning a lively new mystery serial by a well-known and popular Australian author.

A FEW days ago you'd have said that if, in the near future, a death was going to take place in Margaretta Gaiford's flat it would be that of Margaretta herself—peacefully—in her bed—surrounded by grieving friends and relatives.

It turned out quite otherwise.

A week ago Margaretta had had one of her heart attacks, rather a severe one it seemed, but now she was well on the way to recovery, heart steadier, pulse stronger. Her big cool bedroom opening on to the balcony was a green island with the tides of life beginning to wash back.

To-day she had packed off the nurse, whistled back Klinger, her masseur, hustled aside the bottles of nitroglycerine and sal volatile, and made Una plug in the telephone at her bedside again.

The people and events that had slipped out of her hands during her illness had to be shown that she was in control once more; all those people who for one reason or another found it easier to say yes to Margaretta than no when she deluged them with advice as to how to run their lives, what books to read, what hat to wear, whether to divorce their husbands or not.

This week she just had to be better, with William's and Susan's wedding not a week away and a thousand and one arrangements that only she, Margaretta, could see to. People were such fools!

Three more pillows behind her shoulders, painfully thin shoulders clad in yellow brocade that glinted brassily in the glow of the bedside lamp.

"Don't be silly, Una, I'm getting up to-morrow, of course I can sit up. Hand me my mirror."

An accusing gaze into the glass—clever brown eyes set rather close together taking stock of the damage of illness.

"What a wreck I look! More like sixty than fifty."

A splodge of rouge on each cheekbone, a streak of lipstick.

"Bring back the flowers that idiotic nurse put outside, Una. Using up the oxygen or some such rubbish! That's right. Yes, there and there."

White lilac, crimson roses, and hyacinths—cream of the flower shops skimmed for an important invalid.

The telephone's muted buzz.

Margaretta's bony brown hand reaches out and closes over the receiver greedily, her face eager to greet the precious world rushing back over the wires.

"William? Oh, it's you. Yes, I'm better, tons better. Those doctors are such alarmists. What's that? Put off your party to-night? Oh, don't be ridiculous! Of course you'll go. Listen, William, have you seen to?—don't forget to—be sure and arrange for—"

The wedding, the church, the reception. A favorite nephew wasn't married every day to a girl like Susan Wynne, oh, so pretty and heiress to one of the richest cattle stations in the north-west.

Her mother dead, no home in town, Susan had come to stay a month ago, and no one could have been easier than she about all the arrangements, leaving everything most accommodatingly to her hostess and aunt-by-marriage to be.

Susan would be coming back presently from a dinner with her four bridesmaids; coming back to dress and go out again with William and Clive and Veronica, and Hugo Freeman . . . and someone for him . . . supper and dancing . . .

Yes, everything was going according to plan and this maddening heart attack hadn't upset any of the arrangements.

Margaretta lies back, thinking, planning. The bedside clock ticks busily, pushing time along, the breeze from the harbor stirs in the bedroom and ripples across the floor, turns the pages of a fashion magazine, shakes a flower free of its petals.

The buzz of the telephone again.

Hugo Freeman.

"Better? Yes, yes, of course I'm better. I've got to be with all there is to see to. The bridesmaids' flowers? I thought I told you—a fan of flowers . . . Now don't be difficult, Hugo, that's what I want . . .

"Nonsense, I'm quite well enough to talk about it. Come along now if you're dressed and we'll discuss it before you go. By the way, Hugo, have you remembered? —can you arrange for?—don't forget to—"

She had engaged Hugo Freeman to see to all the decorative effects of the wedding, but any deputy of Margaretta's had a tough time of it.

Ten, fifteen minutes slip by, bringing nearer the clash of wills—hate—fear—death to one before the night *is* out.

A car turns into the drive and stops below.

Margaretta lifts her head from the pillow and listens. Would this be Hugo?

It was Hugo. Una showed him in and he came down the long softly lighted room to Margaretta's bedside.

"Well, how are you, Mrs. Gaiford?" he said in his rich buoyant voice. "Better, eh? That's good. Up and about again to-morrow."

To hear him you'd have thought that all she was laid low with was a cold in the head.

Margaretta grew weaker at once.

"Oh, I suppose I'm better. But this has been the worst attack I've had for years. Now about these bouquets." She smoothed the sheet-end over the maize-colored satin-bound blanket, the rings on her fingers flashing warningly at him. "I thought I explained—"

"Before you took ill," he interrupted. "But since then six long days have passed with you lying here. I didn't know what further delirious fancies might have possessed you."

"My heart has been weak, not my head."

"Quite. But illness has a way sometimes of undermining the will."

"The day illness undermines my will," she said tartly, "you can order the funeral flowers." The flat words were not an over-statement.

"Good. Fine. That's all right then. Let's get down to it."

Getting ready for his opposition, she sat up a little higher on her pillows. The brassy sheen of her wrap, the glitter of her hair, presented a metallic front for battle-black hair, parted in the middle Russian ballet style, springing back in two crested waves from the narrow temples.

"What I intend to have," she said, "is a sort of fan arrangement."

"A fan arrangement." His tone was faintly mocking. He got up, walked across the room and rearranged the fold of a curtain. "A fan arrangement." He turned and came back. "I don't know that I quite get you. A big fan? A little fan? Open? Shut?"

Please turn to page 34

By Margot Neville

ILLUSTRATED BY KEMBLE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799788

For some reason — Susan did not know why — Robert Adams stopped short, staring up, as he caught sight of her on the balcony.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799789

"Are you sure, Willie, that you really want to marry me? That you won't come to regret it?" Daisy asked lightly.

SYNOPSIS

FROM childhood the burning ambition of WILLIE MARYNGTON is to serve in his father's regiment.

Orphaned at an early age, he spends much of his young life with widowed MRS. OSBORNE and her children, GARNET, HORRY, and FELICITY.

Willie studies assiduously for the Army, enters the regiment, but is shattered when World War I ends as he is about to leave for active service.

The next years are empty for him, and the Osbornes' interests are not his. Garnet is now a doctor in a large military hospital; Horry is an actor; Felicity is at school abroad.

Willie devotes himself to riding and racing, lives beyond his income, and is thankful when his regiment is sent to India. Now read on:

Operation Heartbreak

By DUFF COOPER

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH

THE happiest years of Willie's life were those that he spent in India. He had no doubt about it, when he reviewed the past. There he was able to recapture the nineteenth century and enjoy life as he would have enjoyed it had he been born fifty years earlier.

On little more than his Army pay he could live like a prince, obedient servants at his beck and call, the best of everything the country could provide at his command, a string of polo ponies in the stable, and even an occasional shot at a tiger.

But, because men can never be quite happy for long, he suffered during these years from one continual source of irritation and experienced one great sorrow. The irritation came from a brother officer, who was a few years senior to him and whom he had never liked. Hamilton was his name.

During their stay in India Hamilton became adjutant, a position which enabled him to inflict many minor annoyances on junior officers whom he didn't like. For some reason that would be hard to discover he had never liked Willie. Perhaps it was because everybody else liked him. Perhaps he secretly envied the popularity he affected to despise.

One of the reasons why Hamilton was not liked was that he had the courage to speak openly in favor of mechanisation, that fearful fate which hung like a shadow of doom over all cavalry regiments at this period.

"I'd as soon be a chauffeur," exclaimed Willie passionately one evening, "as have to drive a dirty tank about and dress like a navvy."

"Of course," replied Hamilton blandly, "if all you care about is wearing fancy dress, playing games on horseback, and occasionally showing off at the Military Tournament, you're perfectly right to take that view; but if you were interested in war, or ever hoped to take part in one, you'd be praying that your regiment might be mechanised before the next war comes."

This was a cruel thing to say to Willie, and only Hamilton knew how cruel it was. Willie grew very red, then very white. He longed to throw something or to strike a blow. With difficulty he controlled himself, muttered a monosyllabic expletive, and stalked from the room.

The wound that had been inflicted took long to heal. Hamilton had won a Military Cross in the war and was no doubt entitled to sneer at Willie, who had seen no fighting. But Willie would wake up in the night and recall the incident.

He would think of clever answers that he might have made, and groan with rage. He knew all the arguments that had ever been put forward for the retention of horse cavalry, but he had forgotten them when he needed them.

The misfortune that befell Willie in India was his first love affair. The opening act of this little drama was all that it should have been, and fitted perfectly into the nineteenth-century pattern of life. The heroine's father was the Colonel of an Indian Cavalry regiment—an old regiment with honorable traditions—and the father and grandfather of Colonel Summers had served in it.

Daisy was a pretty girl of a very English type, who looked prettier in India than she would have done at home. She was fair and fluffy, with large blue eyes and a complexion like a wild rose, the delicacy of which had not yet been dimmed by the Indian sun, for she had only recently arrived from Europe.

She had finished her education at the same school in Brussels as Felicity Osborne, and it was the discovery of this fact that first brought her together with Willie. It gave them a subject of conversation, and Willie never found it easy to discover such subjects when he talked to girls.

Daisy spoke with enthusiasm of Felicity. She had been the beauty of the school and the favorite of the headmistress. Some of the girls found her proud and reserved, but she and Daisy had always got on well together, and had been the closest of friends. She was glad to talk of her school life, for with her also subjects of conversation were not always easy to find.

So, at the various entertainments that the station offered — polo matches, picnics, cocktail parties, and dances—Willie came to be on the lookout for Daisy and to spend with her the greater part of his time. It was a happy day when he discovered that, not only was she a friend of Felicity, but also that she took an interest in racing.

Endless vistas of conversation now lay before them, for the beauty of the turf as a conversational subject is that some important event has always just happened, or is just about to happen.

Please turn to page 40

SECOND INSTALMENT OF OUR FOUR-PART SERIAL

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799790

THE SHADE FOR THE SUN...

Coral Pink by COTY

Presented in two brilliantly designed cases that keep their "new look" indefinitely —with refills for both. Nine colours besides Coral Pink.

De Luxe "quick-change" container enables you to refill without staining a finger-tip. Have one case and a selection of refills in your special shades, for economy. 13/6, refills 5/11.

Standard Coty container —in mist-blue and clove-pink enamel. 7/6, refills 4/6.

In the scarlet corals of the reef and in the heart of the hibiscus blossom, Coty's make-up artists found —Coral Pink. Born of the brilliant sunlight, it's ***the*** fashion colour for sun-tanned ones and those who wear whispering pastels! Let Coral Pink laugh from your lips—and watch your sun-touched skin waken with new and radiant colour-magic of its own!

Foundation—as you like it—for sensitive skins, Coty Foundation Lotion . . . 5/11, for normal skins, sleek Coty Foundation Cream, 7/11; for all who prefer a coloured base, Coty "Sub-Tint," in 5 glowing colours . . . 7/11. "Vibrant" is the popular shade with Coral Pink.

Proclaim anew the loveliness of your eyes with Coty's smoothly blended cream Eye-Shadow—a choice of 5 colours—to match your eye colour . . . 5/11.

GOOD COMPANIONS FOR CORAL PINK

each a beauty aid beloved of the world's loveliest women, each a preparation perfect in the Coty tradition

*"AirSpun" Face Powder—**spun** to incredible fineness —in 8 shades to complement each complexion type . . . 5/11. Wear the shade "Vibrant" with Coral Pink; have it in any of the 5 Coty perfumes, or in the unspillable "Compressed" compact form—at 17/9 the Compact, refills for 6/6.*

*Two rouges, in fashion-conscious colours: **Compressed** (dry), made by the exclusive "AirSpun" process, and to apply **after** "AirSpun" powder. **Cream**—to use **before** your powder. With Coral Pink, the shade is "Vibrant."*

*And, of course, **your** Coty Skin Fragrance . . . a part of your fragrant presence. Use it lavishly after bath and beach to keep you a-tingle with surf-spray freshness throughout the most torrid summer day. Seek a Coty expert's advice in choosing your particular fragrance.*

Coty

LONDON 31 New Bond Street | PARIS 23 Place Vendôme | NEW YORK 612 Fifth Avenue

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799791

For greater smoking enjoyment—

CRAVEN "A"

They never Vary!

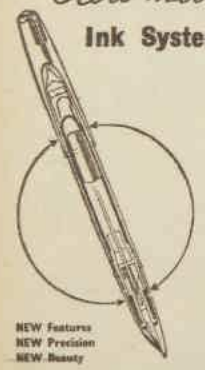
86/R

CARRERAS LIMITED - OVER 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

It's New!

the new Parker "51"

the only pen with the Aero-metric Ink System



THE MOST PERFECT PEN in the world has for long been the Parker "51." Now comes the *new* Parker "51", with the great new Aero-metric Ink System . . . a wholly new, scientific method of drawing in, storing and releasing ink, to give the most satisfactory pen performance ever known.

● NEW FOTO-FILL FILLER ● NEW PSI-Glass RESERVOIR
● NEW INK-FLOW GOVERNOR ● NEW VISIBLE INK SUPPLY
and 4 other great advances

NEW Features
NEW Precision
NEW Beauty

—world's most wanted pen

Distributors for Australia: BROWN & DUREAU LTD.—Melbourne-Sydney-Brisbane-Adelaide-Perth

PAO2

HAZEL

"It's not that I don't appreciate your DESIRE to help."

It seems to me

By Dorothy Drain

ONE of the minor consequences of the foundation of the Commonwealth in 1901 is the altered position of this column to accommodate our Jubilee features.

It is a small sacrifice to make in the circumstances — especially as it entails slightly less work. I only mention it to show that even Sir Henry Parkes couldn't have envisaged all the consequences of that celebrated speech at Tenterfield.

The foundation of the Commonwealth was before my time—which gives me considerable satisfaction, as, year by year, fewer and fewer things that anybody talks about fall into that category.

* * *

RE Sir Henry Parkes' speech (and if you want to know what it was about turn to page 19), an old lady, who as a girl of 17 attended the banquet where Parkes spoke, said in a radio interview recently that there wasn't enough to eat at the banquet and she had to listen to "a lot of dry speeches." Which makes you think:

Be careful, oh statesmen, embroidering
The ringing and sonorous phrase,
You may think, with your hearers applauding,
That you're set for posterity's praise.
To paraphrase Lincoln, the truth is
You can't please 'em all, all the time,
So be warned, though you think you're progressing,
Keep your feet on the ground as you climb.
Remember the young, with their candor,
Their eager and critical eyes,
Apparently listening with interest,
May be brooding on ice-cream and pies.

* * *

THE coming week-end, with the Australia Day holiday on the Monday, marks a high point of the Celebrations.

Australia Day, which commemorates the landing of the First Fleet, has never occupied a very notable place in the citizens' minds. Perhaps that's because it falls in school holidays, so doesn't make an impression on the young.

They register Empire Day, not only because of crackers, but because some schools mark it with a ceremony of some kind.

Maybe this week-end's junketings and this year's accent on Australian history may do something to give the day a more important place among commemorative holidays.

OFFICIALS of the Melbourne Art Gallery and Museum complain from time to time that many people go there only to see Phar Lap; take no interest in the art treasures.

Obviously they have missed a prime opportunity of using Phar Lap as a decoy and teaching racing enthusiasts gently about art.

Why not take him away from the other stuffed animals and put him among the paintings, placing him so that before his admirers left they had to walk past a number of pictures?

These pictures must be carefully chosen. It would be wise to place some nice realistic horses by Sir Alfred Munnings nearest to Phar Lap. The visitor could then be led gradually through a selection of painted horses ranging from Rosa Bonheur's to Gaugin's and Chirico's and introduced imperceptibly through landscapes with horses in the foreground to the rest of the gallery.

It is possible that many Phar Lap fans would escape to place a bet on the 3.30 before they got past Chirico, but it's worth trying as an experiment in art education.

* * *

TALK about the autobiography of a shilling. Someone ought to write the adventures of a ha'penny.

With the steady creep of prices, you get spells when your purse is full of ha'pennies you can't unload. Milk, for instance, moves from 5½d. a pint to 6d., and there's a lost avenue. But you don't have to worry. The solution is to throw them all into a box and wait till milk moves to 6½d.—as it did in Sydney recently—and then use them up.

* * *

IT'S curious that France, a country noted for looking life squarely in the face, should produce a society for shy people.

There's one in Paris and members recently elected a "Miss Timidity."

Perhaps being shy in Paris is worse than being shy in London. In countries where reserve is a national characteristic the shy can always don the mask of reserve and pass unnoticed.

Nevertheless, the whole thing sounds a bit phony. How could a really shy person get the courage to join the society, and how shy are the office bearers? And wouldn't Miss Timidity, having steeled herself to be Miss anything, automatically disqualify?

Editorial

Vol. 18, No. 34 January 27, 1951

PETTICOATS IN POLITICS

ONE of the first results of Federation was the Act passed in 1902 which gave a vote to every adult man and woman in Australia.

Many and bright were the dreams of women as political leaders in high office.

Many and gloomy were the prophecies of disaster under petticoat rule.

Both the dreams and the nightmares failed to come true.

No petticoat party emerged, and only one woman, Dame Enid Lyons, has held Federal Cabinet rank since Australian women have had the vote.

Possibly, no party composed entirely of women could have a wide appeal. Governments must legislate for men and women alike, and both sexes must share in shaping party policies.

It is, however, surprising that so few women gain selection within the big political parties, for each owes a great deal to its women workers.

That woman's position in the community has been immeasurably strengthened by her having the vote is shown on any election eve.

Special messages are addressed to the women, particularly wives and mothers, by the leaders of all parties.

This wooing of feminine influence has been responsible for many reforms in the status of women in the past 50 years.

If women continue to use their influence as they have done in the past they will be able so to improve the lot of the wife and mother that Australia's position as a nation will be vastly strengthened.

For it is on the homes and families that the soundness of the whole national structure depends.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.

MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.

BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.

ADELAIDE OFFICE: Royal Insurance Building, 13 Grenfell Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.

W.A.: Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.

TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799792

Social Gottings

HAPPY COUPLE. Peter Weaver and his bride, formerly Katherine Duhig, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. V. Duhig, after their wedding at the Holy Spirit Church, New Farm. The bride's great-uncle, Archbishop Duhig, officiated.

FORMER RHODES SCHOLAR Kenneth Bradshaw and his bride leaving St. Mary's Church, Kangaroo Point, after their wedding, with bridesmaid Beryl Purley. The bride was formerly Margaret Hutt, of Yorkshire, England. The newlyweds will live in Melbourne, where the bridegroom is doing research work. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bradshaw, Indooroopilly.

FREQUENT VISITS to Hamilton being paid by Squadron-Leader and Mrs. A. R. Gersekowski. They are building a home at Bartley's Hill, and expect to be in residence there in May. Squadron-Leader Gersekowski is pilot with A.N.A., and his wife is an Englishwoman.

PLANNING A VISIT to England in July is "Ting" Macartney, snapped chatting with Colin Erickson at an afternoon party. "Ting" will have Rosemary Montefiore as travel companion.

A RECEPTION at Government House will follow the wedding of Mary Graeme, private secretary to Lady Lavarack, and Mr. Charles Bruxner, of "Jelbyn," Beaudesert, who will be married on April 17.

The wedding will be an evening ceremony at St. Mary's Church, Kangaroo Point. Mary will have her sister Suzanne and Nerida Parker as bridesmaids. Mr. Dudley Persse will be best man.

Mary, who is a cousin of Sir John Lavarack, succeeded Mrs. H. B. Sewell as Lady Lavarack's secretary last March. She is planning a two months' visit to her home in Bingara, New South Wales, before her marriage. Mrs. Sewell will return to Brisbane to take up her former post again.

• • •

BACK from overseas trip, Mary Hanlon, daughter of the Premier, Mr. E. M. Hanlon, is busy preparing for her marriage to Martin Hanson, of Gladstone. The wedding will take place at the Sacred Heart Church, Rosalie, at 8.30 a.m. on February 3. Mary's sister Julie will be bridesmaid, and Bernard Lewis will be best man. Reception will be held at Lennon's. Bridegroom-to-be is Old Boy of Nudgee College, and is chairman of the Gladstone Harbor Board.

• • •

A SAPPHIRE and diamond pendant which her mother wore on her wedding day will be worn by Barbara Schmidt, of "Colinton," Toogoolawah, when she marries Peter Treloar, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Treloar, of Newcastle, at St. Augustine's Church, Hamilton, on February 3. Barbara will wear a magnolia slipper satin frock embroidered with pearls and a tulle veil. Magnolia chiffon frocks mounted on net will be worn by her bridesmaids—her sister Jennifer and Libbette Hughes, of "Ramornie," Grafton. Best man will be Peter Scriven, of Maryborough, and Brian Schmidt, the bride's brother, will be groomsman.

Country folk who will come to town for the wedding will include Mr. and Mrs. "Bud" Leeds, from "Warona," Wyandra; Ruth and Howard Douglas, who have sold their property, "Eversfield," Mungallala, and bought a house at Southport; Mr. and Mrs. Felix Schmidt, of Alroy Downs, Northern Territory; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Laws, Alroy Downs; Mrs. Mosa Sudholz, of Darwin; and bridegroom's sister, Mrs. Barry Mant, of Kingaroy.

• • •

NEXT month Jenepher Saxton will leave for Sydney. She will spend some weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Griffith at Cottaroy before beginning her studies in fine arts as a full-time pupil at the Sydney Technical College. Her brother John will return to Sydney at the end of the month to continue his medical studies.

VISITORS FROM SYDNEY. Mrs. C. B. Kearney (left), of Killara, and her daughter Elizabeth and son Peter. They stayed at Lennon's, and met many relatives and friends.

OUTDOOR PARTY SNAP of South Australian visitors Mrs. L. Deacon (left), of Largs Bay, and Mrs. A. Burford, of Adelaide, chatting with Mrs. Eric Sivell, of Brisbane, in the shade of a jacaranda tree.

AT MT. COOT-THA. Mrs. Ken Wadham (left), of Adelaide, wife of the president of the Australian 12 Square Metre Association, with Dawn Shipstone and Mrs. B. J. Lawson, wife of the president of the Queensland branch, at party Mrs. Lawson gave at the kiosk for interstate visitors to the association's Jubilee Carnival. Dawn is secretary of the Humpybong Sailing Club branch.

HOSTESS at birthday party this month at Twenty-nine Murray Street was Shirley Riddell (right), pictured here with her mother, Mrs. R. T. Riddell. Shirley and her fiance, Lindsay Montgomery, plan to marry next year. They are building a house at St. Lucia.

QLD.

COUNTRY holiday for Mrs. Isaac Moore, of Southport, who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Harry Carter, at "Barambah."

• • •

LOOKING forward to seeing their daughter Pat and her husband, John Holman, are Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Laird. Pat and John will motor up from Sydney next month and have a week in Brisbane before going to the south coast for the remainder of their holiday.

VERY happy about their new home are the Bob Smiths. They have moved from the Dalby district and bought a property, "Coonagh," on the banks of the Bremer River, twenty-five miles from Ipswich, and are now settling in.

• • •

SIX weeks' holiday at Gosford, N.S.W., for Mrs. W. Dixon, who is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Alister Paul.

Sara

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799793

DAVID JONES'

guaranteed

famous Joshua Hoyle washables

Beauty Point spun rayons including S.S.W.-E.O.S., from **31/6**

Garicord pique-like cottons, sizes S.S.W. to W., priced at **27/11**

Summer wardrobes can't have too many Joshua Hoyles! There's nothing to beat these famous dresses for their washable qualities, fashion sense and low, low pricing.

57WW1. *Spun rayon with attractive draped neckline in both designs illustrated on navy, red, green, blue grnds., S.S.W.-W.,* **31/6.** *S.O.S.-E.O.S.,* **33/11.**

57WW2. *Spun rayon in green, rust, blue, rose, navy. S.W. to W. at* **31/6.** *S.O.S.-E.O.S. at* **33/11.**

57WW3. *Dirndl in spun rayon, wine, red, black, blue and aqua grounds, S.S.W. to W.,* **31/6.**

57WW4. *Charming spun rayon frilled at neckline and pockets, in sizes S.S.W. to W., is* **31/6.**

57WW5. *Garicord cotton with and without jacket. Above two patterns on white and 10 coloured grounds. Sizes S.S.W. to W., with the jacket at* **27/11.**

57WW6. *Button-through Garicord cotton with and without jacket. Above patterns on 8 coloured grounds. S.S.W. to W., with the jacket at* **27/11.**

57WW7. *Sleeveless Garicord cotton white striped in green, blue, tan, red, in spotted print on red, blue, gold and green grounds. S.S.W. to W., at* **27/11.**

Should we be unable to meet late orders in the exact prints requested, we will send a print very near to that chosen and equally delightful.

SECOND FLOOR, DAVID JONES' ELIZABETH STREET STORE. MAIL ORDERS, BOX 503, G.P.O., SYDNEY. FREIGHT EXTRA, N.S.W. 1/-, INTERSTATE 1/6.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799794

In the Swim

KING OF THE KIDS. Though he doesn't know it, he's nothing but a boring exhibitionist to her. She might as well be with her young brother.

● ***Everyone wants to be in the swim. You can keep afloat socially if you don't spoil your chances by repeating the mistakes that are shown here.***

FUNNY MAN. It only needs a little more of this sort of behaviour for him to find himself only a pencilled-out name in her date book.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH. If he likes walking greasy poles and she doesn't, the sooner he catches on the better it is going to be for him.

FASHION PLATE. She isn't making herself popular by wanting to walk up and down and be seen, while he has his heart set on a sunbake.

SCREAMER. She would go up, now she's too scared to let go or climb down. One more yell, and hers will be the number he never rings.

New Exciting Complexion Loveliness

with this SILK-SIFTED fragrant powder

... LASTS FOR HOURS WITHOUT REPOWDERING

To give you a make-up of irresistible appeal ... the soft glow of youthful radiance, long-clinging super-fineness, and the waft of tantalising Gemey Perfume ... Richard Hudnut has created Gemey Face Powder.

Superbly formulated, Gemey Face Powder is silk-sifted to a super-fineness—a softness that never streaks or cakes ... that suits all skin types—normal, oily or dry.

And blended in is Gemey Perfume—the rare fragrance treasured by fashion leaders of New York, London and Paris.

In latest beautifully blended shades. Choose *your* shade and wear this fragrant powder of bewitching loveliness.

Harmonising Gemey Beauty Aids

Perfume, Creams, Cleansing Lotion, Talc and Dusting Powder.

Gemey

SILK-SIFTED FACE POWDER

CREATION OF Richard Hudnut

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS SYDNEY

Available at all Chemists and selected Department Stores

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799795

The Story of a Golden Jubilee

How a nation and a company has progressed side by side for fifty years.

On the fifth of January, 1901, a gleaming white dream ship arrived in Melbourne. It was H.M.S. Ophir bringing the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York (later to become King George V and Queen Mary) for the opening of the first Federal Parliament. Six separate states were uniting to become a nation. This was the foundation of the Commonwealth of Australia.

There was a magnificent procession. A grand review. The streets of Melbourne and every other city and town of the new nation were gaily decorated.

500 miles away in Sydney the celebrations were on an equally lavish scale. The Earl of Hopetoun took the place of the Royal Couple at the review in Centennial Park. It was a big year for the laying of foundation stones as young Australia felt the strength of its muscles and started in to work for the future.

There was the foundation of one new concern in Rowe St., Sydney, in February of that year which did not attract any attention from the Royal Celebrations.

Just fifty years ago almost to the day a Mr. Harry Veen with the assistance of his wife and one operator opened the first factory to manufacture dry batteries in this country. The batteries carried the name of Eveready.

If little notice was taken of Mr. Veen's venture it was not surprising.

We were still in the gaslight age. Electric torches were a novelty. Radio sets, which later were going to use hundreds of thousands of Eveready batteries, had never been heard of.

The staff of three soon grew to twelve.

Photographs of the time showed that our girls worked in dresses with whalebone collars. The men favored formal looking dark suits and hard hitter hats.

What surprise there would have been on their faces if they could suddenly have been confronted by the men and girls who make

Eveready batteries today.

Fifty years have passed. Our young nation has gone further in fifty years . . . two world wars included . . . than any nation in history. During those fifty years Eveready has grown up side by side with the Commonwealth. Expanding. Building. Constantly improving. Together we celebrate our Golden Jubilee.

Our first factory in Rowe Street has long since gone. The Commonwealth Bank stands in its place. Our present factory, with 10[illegible],000 feet of sunlit floor space, was

opened in 1938. From our windows we can look across to the shore where Captain Cook first set foot upon our soil. This factory is the greatest and most modern dry-battery manufacturing plant in Australia.

Eveready batteries for the flashlights in every home have become a regular item on the housewife's shopping list.

We are proud of our progress. It's based on giving people something they need at a price they can easily afford to pay.

EVEREADY
TRADE MARK
FLASHLIGHTS AND BATTERIES
Golden Jubilee
1901–1951

Fifty years of progress . . . side by side with the Commonwealth of Australia.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799796

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NILE HANDKERCHIEFS

NL5A-58

RHEUMATISM AND NEURITIS PAINS

A fast acting internal medicine called ROMIND, recently developed by the Rhone Control Laboratory, is now bringing new hope, happiness and comfort to thousands of sufferers from the pains of Fibrositis, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Neuralgia and Lumbago. ROMIND dissolves in the small intestine; then the ingredients are absorbed into the blood and thus can reach every part of the body. That's why it works so fast in helping 3 ways: 1. First does starts curbing pain. 2. Helps Nature remove excess Uric Acid which often aggravates pains, soreness and stiff muscles. 3. Helps you work and sleep in greater comfort. Get ROMIND from your Chemist today. Quick satisfaction or money back guaranteed.

Cappy

Continued from page 4

LAUGHING happily Cappy told me, "that's how I got my foolish name."

"Cappy? I think it's grand."

After a while, she said, "I like your name, too, Dennis. But, until you're an old, old man I shall call you Denny," and was suddenly confused as though she might have been unmaidenly in presuming we should know each other a lifetime.

All we should know of each other, I remembered with a sinking heart, would have to be crowded into a few short days. I hinted as much.

"I don't know my uncle's plans," she said. "I know hardly anything about him, but he's all I have."

Then she gave me the astonishing news that she'd only known him a week. When dying her father had told her he was writing to her mother's brother asking him to take care of her, since she was only eighteen. He had not heard of Chalmers for many years, but believed he had prospered.

Her uncle had written, after her father's death, saying he was in the country, but he had been very kind and made arrangements for her comfort and when, a week back, he had arrived in Sydney he had taken her to a fine hotel.

They had been there only a couple of days, however, when he announced that he had business in the country and suggested that it would do her good to accompany him.

It was late in the afternoon when we got home and I was making myself presentable before supper when my uncle came in.

"Well, Dennis, what do you think?" he asked, and told me he'd bought Mrs. Clancy's blocks. "I've been thinking, too, that you might do worse with the money your father left you than buy that land alongside the cemetery."

He went on, "And I'll tell you why, Dennis. Chalmers has made a rough plan, and, if this site is approved for the Capital, it's on the cemetery they will have the Civic Hall. Where it will dominate. You understand, my boy, sentiment must give way to progress."

He told me that the main commercial centre would be approximately where our present shops were, and I knew at once why he had bought Mrs. Clancy's land. But I was hardly listening. All I wanted to hear was how long Chalmers would be staying and next moment he was telling me.

"Of course, as Chalmers says, there's many a slip twixt cup and lip, but our district fulfils the requisites and he will make his report to the Premier without delay. He'll be off to-morrow."

Cappy would be leaving next day! In less than twenty-four hours she'd be driving out of my life.

"Providence has given us a great opportunity, Dennis," my uncle said. "Mr. Chalmers has suggested that I call together ten of the principal ratepayers and have them subscribe £20 each."

In a more confidential tone he went on, "You'll understand with more experience that these things cannot be managed without finance. But I told Chalmers I'd subscribe the money myself and keep the thing dark. As a matter of fact, I've given it to him and he'll be off first thing in the morning."

. . . . . .

"This is a grand day, Dennis," my uncle said as he turned from waving Mr. Chalmers and his niece good-bye. "A day to remember, eh?"

I couldn't bear to watch the buggy carrying her out of my life and I hurried inside. The door of the room she had occupied stood open and I went in and stood there, torturing myself afresh with remembrance of her presence.

On the floor beside the bed there was a small purse and I knew she must have forgotten it. I picked it up and put it in my pocket. I could delay the parting. I would go after her and return the purse.

But not too soon. If I caught up with Mr. Chalmers on the road it would mean only a brief smile from Cappy, a thank-you, and another good-bye. I decided to wait and then ride and find them pulled up at the first township, some two hours distant.

I walked down to the general store and found Constable Knuckey having a word with the proprietor, Mr. Ainslie, who was also the postmaster. The constable was saying that he had to drive out of town on a job and, listening, I knew he would be going in the same direction as Mr. Chalmers and Cappy.

I explained to him that it was necessary for me to overtake them and he said he'd be glad of my company if I'd give him half an hour to get into his uniform.

Mr. Ainslie brought a letter from the shop and I slit open the envelope and found that Dick Hallett, an old friend who had bought a saddlery business in a town about a hundred miles distant, had written me a lengthy epistle. I put it in my pocket for more leisurely reading.

The constable had a fine, well-trained team, and we came in sight of Chalmers' buggy as it was about to descend the dip into the township, where I confidently expected he would pull up.

To my dismay, however, the buggy did not stop but went straight through the little town. A couple of hundred yards farther on there was a horseshoe bend and the road then narrowed and descended sharply with a nasty drop on one side. The constable said he'd like to catch up before Chalmers got to the turn and began to urge his horses.

IT was a beautiful morning and the hood of the buggy in front of us was down and Chalmers' silver head and the pretty hat Cappy was wearing were plainly visible. We got within a hundred yards and they hadn't heard us. The constable stood up and hallo'd.

We saw Chalmers look back and then turn again to his greys and, to our astonishment, began to lash them with the whip.

I think Chalmers' team were already out of hand, for no sane driver, who knew the road, would have taken such a bend at such a rate. We saw them disappear and in a minute or two we had turned the corner also.

The constable let out a startled oath and leapt from his seat and I followed him down the embankment to where Chalmers' greys were tangled and struggling in their harness.

When we had cut them free I rushed to where Cappy was lying, white and still, and raised her in my arms. In a few moments she opened her eyes.

"Uncle?" she murmured.

"He's hurt," I told her. "When you're stronger you can go to him."

"I'm all right now," she said and sat up and I gave her my hand so that she could stand. She was dead weight. "Denny . . ." she said and for the first and only time in my life I saw fear in her eyes. "Denny . . . I can't move my legs."

She asked me to carry her over to where her uncle lay and I picked her up and set her down as gently as I could so that she could take his hand. Mr. Chalmers' eyes were closed and the constable had a finger on his pulse. "He's bad," Knuckey said. "I think he's for it, Denny."

Please turn to page 18

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799797

Now... a better longer lasting

more natural-looking home perm

with the

Richard Hudnut

Refill

(using any Plastic Curlers)

THE KIT WITH THE 22% MORE EFFECTIVE WAVING LOTION... it's the Waving Lotion that makes all the difference!

Use the economical Richard Hudnut Refill Kit (everything you need *except curlers*), and get all the benefits of this *salon-type luxury wave* . . . the most natural-looking wave you've ever seen, no frizz, no kinks, and so easy to manage . . . gentler conditioning action plus extra penetration . . . leaves hair springier and stronger.

If you already own, or can borrow, a set of plastic curlers, you can give yourself a dream wave—soft, *so naturally* curly, long-lasting, lustrous—with the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent *Refill*—at all chemists and selected department stores.

Richard Hudnut

home permanent

FROM THE RICHARD HUDNUT FIFTH AVENUE BEAUTY SALON

MPI 142-51

Cappy

Continued from page 17

JUST then Chalmers' eyes opened and he smiled wanly at Cappy.

I don't think he realised she was hurt. All the pink had gone from his cheeks. He looked at me and said, "There's £200 in my pocket. Return it to your uncle. Tell him I . . . couldn't go on with . . ." His voice trailed away and we thought he had gone and Cappy began to cry softly.

At that his eyes opened again. "Don't weep," he said. "Everything . . . will be all right." The briefest smile fluttered below the waxed moustache. "I've got . . . influential friends . . . up there," he said.

He never spoke again.

It was hours after the doctor had told me how seriously he regarded Cappy's hurt that, without interest, I began to read Hallet's letter.

" . . . This town is in a ferment. Big things are happening, Denny boy. They say this is to be the Federal Capital no less, and what do you think of that? A big nob has been up to look us over. Well, when I say a big nob he was a little chap with pink cheeks and a waxed moustache . . ."

I gave my uncle the £200 with Chalmers' message. "A great pity," Uncle said. "A sound man." I did not tell him what Dick Hallet had written. I told nobody until many years had passed and it no longer mattered.

. . . . . .

Three months went by during which my aunt nursed Cappy in our home and then, one day, we were told that she would never walk again. She had known for a week, the doctor said, but she had wanted that time to get used to the idea before we were told.

I think I had known all along and, weeks before, I had made up my mind. I went to her room and took her hand. I said, "I've not a great deal to offer, Cappy. Just willing hands and a hope inside me that I can make you happy. If you think I can, will you marry me?"

There was such a long silence that my heart went cold and then she said, "Denny . . . what was on your lips the night you held the light for me going upstairs."

It is the only lie I have ever told her. "Why, I was thinking you looked so nice in that pretty dress of yours I was going to tell Alice Fernell to get one like it."

Alice was a nice girl folk teased me about.

Cappy looked at me long and curiously. I was glad she didn't say anything about not being able to walk. It was nice to feel that already she was putting her disability behind her and facing her new world with courage.

"She's a nice girl . . . Alice Fernell," she said.

"She'll be your bridesmaid if you'll have her."

For a flash I thought she was going to cry and then she put out her arms and I was between them and she was holding me and, I thought, now is the time, now is the time to tell her all the grand things I have been rehearsing for just this moment.

But I couldn't say a word and, for a long, long time we stayed silent, holding to each other, loving with our hearts, our lips forgotten.

When the joyous silence had passed she said: "Denny . . . I'm a fraud. I wanted you to come after me. I left my purse behind so you would."

. . . . . .

There was a triumphant peal on the organ and, standing at the altar in my best clothes, I looked round and then Mrs. Gallup was playing "Here Comes the Bride," and up the aisle Cappy came and not one but five hundred necks craned to see my uncle pushing her in her wheeled chair.

Every spoke of it had been beribboned by loving hands, every inch bedecked and garlanded so that she seemed to be moving towards me in a bower of roses. On her head was the veil that had been my mother's, and she wore the satin gown that had long lain among the mothballs and packed in tissue waiting for this day of days.

And behind walked Alice Fernell, proud to be there, and looking very sweet in the pretty frock which Cappy had made with her own hands.

Fifty years ago! Fifty happy years for me! As you know Canberra has become a famous city, but our little town has stayed a little town. O'Brien's pub is now O'Rorke's, but a Grant still runs the bakery, though he bakes no more loaves than his grandfather. The blocks that were Mrs. Clancy's are still not built upon and, high on the slope, my uncle sleeps in a green plot he dreamed would be a civic hall.

(Copyright)

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

What do you know about YOUR FOOD?

This quiz is for cooks and people who like eating. Here are some descriptions of familiar foodstuffs. It's up to you to identify them. The answers are on page 37.

WHAT WOULD YOU CALL:

1—Food that is made of pressed curds . . . .?

2—A very young green cucumber . . . .?

3—Dye made from dead insects raised on cactus . . . .?

4—Starchy pudding foodstuff made from a palm . . . .?

5—A hard, aromatic seed obtained from the fruit of an evergreen East Indian tree . . . .?

6—A substance resulting from stewing skin, tendons, ligaments, and bones . . . .?

7—A species of sunflower with edible roots . . . .?

8—Partially dried grapes . . . .?

9—Wheaten paste rolled into tubes . . . .?

10—The roasted and ground seeds of a shrub . . . .?

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799798

A NATION WAS BORN

By PATRICIA ROLFE

. . . This is the story of the struggle for Federation, which led to the foundation of the Commonwealth of Australia on January 1, 1901

IF the story of Australian Federation seems to lack the sudden fervor of Runnymede, the Boston Tea Party, or the Storming of the Bastille, we can reflect with pride that although the founding of the Commonwealth was a slow and unromantic process, it was a democratic one.

In the cause of commonwealth, no blood, but lots of printers' ink was spilt. No swords were crossed, but minds and tongues clashed in long debate.

Federation was conceived in the minds of far-seeing patriots, hammered and hardened in the heat of long debate, and achieved after a bloodless struggle.

The isolation of the early Australian colonies did not breed any feeling of the need for union.

The six colonies in every way developed as separate States.

Two factors began to assume importance. They were the fiscal policies of the colonies, and the colonies' relations with the islands of the Pacific.

Germany began to talk of annexing the eastern part of New Guinea, the western part of which belonged to Holland.

This hint of aggression close to their shores agitated the colonists, but the British Government was unconcerned.

Queensland in 1883 took matters into her own hands and annexed Eastern New Guinea in the Queen's name.

Queen Victoria was not amused. Her Government promptly repudiated Queensland's action, and made it clear that such a course could only be taken when all the colonies acted together.

In 1866 Victoria had become a Protectionist country, while the other colonies kept low tariffs, and N.S.W. remained Freetrade.

The Federal Council, set up in 1883 at the instigation of the N.S.W. Premier, Sir Henry Parkes, met from time to time, but its powers and achievements were very limited.

On October 24, 1889, returning from a visit to Brisbane, the 75-year-old Parkes made his famous speech at Tenterfield, which may be looked upon as the first salvo in the battle for Federation.

"Has not the time now arisen," he demanded, "for the creation on this Australian Continent of an Australian Parliament as distinct from a local Government?"

The enthusiasm of this great-hearted man did not infect his fellow Premiers, although they agreed in conference that a National Convention should be held and the representatives met in Sydney on March 2, 1891.

At a banquet after the conference Parkes made a speech which contained his noted sentence: "The crimson thread of kinship runs through us all."

The Convention of 1891 formulated the Australian Constitution, much as it stands to-day.

It was at this conference that the name Commonwealth of Australia, suggested by Parkes, was decided upon.

The Convention had formulated a constitution, but all this activity did not remove very real "lions in the path" of union.

New South Wales looked down on Victoria contemptuously as "that cabbage-patch" and felt she had everything to lose and nothing to gain by Federation.

On the other hand, the smaller States felt they would be swamped by the larger.

New South Wales did not want to abandon Freetrade; Victoria clung to Protection.

However, Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania passed the Constitution Bill.

It now rested with New South Wales, and in his home State Parkes encountered strong opposition.

Mr. G. H. Reid, the leader of the Freetrade Party, went about proclaiming that Federation meant Protection.

He likened Freetrade New South Wales united to Protectionist colonies to a teetotaller setting up house with five drunkards.

The most fanatical opponent of Federation was Mr. J. H. Want, whose feelings were as strong as his language was picturesque.

"I would rather," he said, "see almost anything than see this hydra-headed monster called Federation basking in its constitutional beastliness in this bright and sunny land."

In October, 1891, Parkes retired from office and George Dibbs succeeded him.

After a further debate in the Legislative Assembly on the Constitution Bill, Parkes moved the adjournment, and that was the end of his hopes.

Then venerable Sir John Robertson, who had emerged from his political retirement to fight Federation, boasted that "Federation was as dead as Julius Caesar."

He was wrong. Federation was in fact only beginning to live where it truly belonged—not on the tongues of politicians but in the minds and hearts of the people.

The collapse of the land boom and the subsequent depression of 1892 showed the Australian people clearly that the prosperity of each colony was bound up in that of its fellows.

People flocked to join the Australian Natives' Association, which was campaigning very actively for Federation. Within the Association, and independently of it, Federation Leagues were formed.

On August 2, 1894, after a general election in New South Wales, George Reid came to office, and astutely judging the public feeling, placed Federation on his platform.

Three conferences of elected representatives of every colony, except Queensland and New Zealand, met in Adelaide in March, 1897, Sydney in August of the same year, with the final sitting in Melbourne from January 20 to March 12, 1898.

One colorful figure was missing. In 1896 Parkes had died, feeling that his ideal of Federation was as far off as ever.

In New South Wales a bitter campaign against the new Bill, which the Convention framed, was organised.

At the Sydney Town Hall on March 28, 1898, Reid made his famous Yes-No speech.

After strongly criticising the Bill, Reid said he would have to vote for it because he had helped to frame it, but he would not advise the electors one way or the other.

The nickname "Yes-No" Reid stuck to him. The word is still in Webster's Dictionary, signifying political vacillation.

"A Reid shaken with the Wind" a pamphlet of the time called him.

On June 3, the referendum was lost in New South Wales.

However, at the general election the next month, Reid's majority was so reduced that in panic he arranged another Premiers' conference on Federation.

After this conference, referenda, resulting in majorities for Federation, were held in all States except Western Australia.

It remained only to get the Constitution Bill through the British House of Commons and the Queen's assent.

At first the British Colonial Secretary, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, had in mind substantial curtailment of the powers of the Commonwealth, but when he perceived the temper of the delegates Australia had sent to London, he cut his coat to their cloth.

The clause on which Chamberlain would not budge was No. 74, which dealt with appeals to the Privy Council from the High Court. He felt the Queen's Privy Council should have the final appeal in all causes originating in her Dominions.

The Australian delegates, however, were determined to get the Bill through without amendment.

Whenever and wherever Mr. Chamberlain asked the delegates out to dine they spoke on the Bill without Amendment.

"We were," Deakin wrote, "to some extent the lions of the season, and we roared our best for the Bill."

The final compromise on Clause 74, suggested by Sir Samuel Griffith, of Queensland, was that appeals from the High Court or a lower court to the Privy Council should be only with the consent of the High Court except in certain prescribed cases.

On May 14, 1900, Mr. Chamberlain introduced the Bill in the House of Commons.

On July 9 it received the Royal assent.

In the meantime, Western Australia, persuaded by Mr. Chamberlain, had held a referendum in July, the result of which showed that the people of that State wished to join the Commonwealth.

On September 17, 1900, a proclamation was issued that after "the first day of January, 1901, the people of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Tasmania, and Western Australia be united in a Federal Commonwealth under the name of the Commonwealth of Australia."

Australia now had, according to the popular slogan of the time, "One Flag, One Nation, One Destiny."

But, according to Deakin, everything to make the union "more than a mere piece of political carpentry" remained to be done."

CARICATURE of the first Attorney-General, Alfred Deakin, by Phil May, in Sydney "Bulletin."

GOVERNOR-GENERAL LORD HOPETOUN: "Well, Your Royal Highness, thank goodness that's over. After all the cigars and champagne, we can have a smoke and a drink." —G. H. Dancey, Melbourne "Punch," 1901.

PHIL MAY also caricatured portly Prime Minister Edmund Barton for the Sydney "Bulletin."

SANTA CLAUS (Gov.-Gen.): "A lovely boy with a magnificent Constitution. I'm sure they will make a splendid man of him." —G. H. Dancey.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799799

"Wait'll you see this one!"

Make every moment of your holiday a "big moment" —take one of these new cameras with you and make a snapshot record of all those "super" occasions. Your friends get a thrill out of seeing the pictures you make —snapshots are always fun to show and to share.

Picture-making is easy, too, with a camera from Kodak—loaded with Kodak film, but definitely.

SIX-20 BROWNIE "C" CAMERA

New model box Brownie; Kodak Meniscus lens; two large viewfinders; time and instantaneous shutter; all-metal body; 8 exp. 2¼ x 3¼in. Price, 46/3.

SIX-20 KODAK "A" (f/4.5) CAMERA

Anastar f/4.5 lens, focusing from 3½ft. to infinity; Epsilon shutter with four speeds to 1/150th sec.; time and "bulb"; 8 exp., 2¼ x 3¼in. Price, £33/0/0. P/6.3 model, £12/8/3.

BROWNIE REFLEX CAMERA

Reflex viewfinder shows picture in actual size; time and instantaneous shutter; modern push-button release; 12 exp. 1⅝ x 1⅝in. Price, £4/1/0.

KODAK for Cameras

SIX-20 FOLDING BROWNIE CAMERA

Economical and efficient; Meniscus lens; time and instantaneous shutter; all-metal body, black-grained leatherette covering; 8 exp. 2¼ x 3¼in. Price, £7/2/6.

KODAK (A/asia) PTY. LTD. Branches in all States.
KODAK DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Always use KODAK, the FILM that gets the picture

"RUPERTSWOOD," the famous old mansion owned by the Clarke family, 20 miles from Melbourne. Boating on the lake in the magnificent grounds was a feature of Sir Rupert Clarke's lavish hospitality in 1901.

Federation society

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

Gowned in black-and-white and grey-and-mauve to mourn the death of Queen Victoria, fashionable women ushered in Federation year to the popular tunes "Honeysuckle and the Bee," "Violets," and "Dolly Grey."

Mrs. Reggie Power, well-known Melbourne hostess and author, recalling the social life of 1901, told me that just about this time it became "quite all right" for respectable women to ride in hansom cabs.

DAUGHTER of Australian baronet, the late Sir Rupert Clarke and Lady Clarke—now Aimee, Lady Grey Egerton, of London — Mrs. Power entertainingly describes the 1901 scene, although she was only 14 at the time.

At Federation, Mrs. Power, then Miss Phyllis Clarke, had just returned to the family home, "Rupertswood," about 20 miles from Melbourne, after a trip abroad with her mother.

"We were to have come back in the luxury liner Ophir, but the death of Queen Victoria changed Royal household plans," she told me. "The Ophir was converted into a yacht to bring the late King George V and Queen Mary—then the Duke and Duchess of York—to Australia to open the first Federal Parliament.

"I vividly remember watching the brilliant Royal procession driving in State through Melbourne from a specially reserved window-seat in the old dining-room at Menzies Hotel."

Mrs. Power still wears the Nellie Stewart gold bangle her father gave her to commemorate the occasion.

"Earlier in the day, my little sister, Poss, had come to town by the new railway with our French governess," she said.

"Melbourne was en fete. The town rang with martial airs and gay tunes played by German bands.

"Bourke Street was wildly carnival with magnificent decorations.

"One of Melbourne's best-known bachelors, the late Harry Brush, a frequent visitor to our home, added to the hilarity of the street scene by sitting on a tram track and playing a penny tin-whistle.

"He did this to win a bet that he could stop the cable-tram service.

"In the jostling crowds could be seen the waving plumes of the Light Horse, just returned from the Boer War.

"The only cloud over the merry-making was the Boer War."

Mrs. Power looks back on her parents' generation with affection and amusement. She describes "Rupertswood" as a monument of splendor—and inconvenience.

Builders were so busy with its decorations that they forgot to put in a staircase, which had to be added later.

As many as 30 week-end house-party guests used to dance on Saturday nights in the spacious, chandelier-lit 70-foot long ballroom to De Gillio's Orchestra.

"Feminine guests shared the 10 main bedrooms, and there were 'barracks' for bachelors above the ballroom," said Mrs. Power. "And what fun the men had! One night 20 pillows were burst in a battle.

"Furnishings at 'Rupertswood' represented the ultimate in elegance.

"The drawing-room had pale

EDWARDIAN study of Melbourne hostess Mrs. Reggie Power when she was Phyllis Clarke, teenage daughter of Sir Rupert Clarke.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799800

DRAWING-ROOM at "Rupertswood" was a typically Edwardian clutter of period splendor.

was gay, giddy, and gracious

green brocaded satin wallpaper, and a pale green carpet with pink roses in bloom all over it, which we brought out with us from England for Federation year festivities," Mrs. Power added.

"Mother's downstairs sitting-room, known as her boudoir, was a white-painted, very small, high room. To give it an intimate atmosphere, she had a pale pink silk tent festooned across the false ceiling."

The staff included a liveried butler and four footmen.

"Hooking women guests into their gowns kept five housemaids busy before dinner every night at week-ends," said Mrs. Power. "My mother's personal French maid also used to wait up to help her retire.

"The only time we saw our parents' guests was before dinner at night.

"Dressed in white muslin, our hair frizzy after being damped, plaited, and ironed under brown paper, we would be taken down to the drawing-room.

"Lots of interesting tit-bits used to seep through to the schoolroom, including the scandalous happening one week-end when a tiny piece of cotton wool was discovered in the garden, stained with rouge.

"There was excited speculation as to who had dropped it.

"Cosmetics, other than astringent lotion and a light dusting of powder, were taboo among 'ladies.'"

Servants' quarters at "Rupertswood" were in the nearby old house built by W. J. T. ("Long") Clarke, who came from England to take up land in Tasmania in 1838, and later settled in Victoria.

Mrs. Power's father, Sir Rupert, grandson of "Long," was tall, good-looking, and debonair. He was a Member of the State House at the time of Federation and later conducted an expedition up the Fly River in New Guinea before serving in the first World War.

Sir Rupert's marriage to Mrs. Power's mother, the former Aimee Cumming, was dissolved in 1909.

He later married Miss Elsie Tucker, of Sydney, who remarried after his death, and is now the Marchioness of Headfort.

"My grandfather, Sir William Clarke, was also twice married," explained Mrs. Power.

Sir William Clarke's second wife, Janet, is still remembered as a brilliant hostess, and for her work for charity and in public movements.

Her home, "Cliveden," a huge grey stone mansion in East Melbourne, is now a block of service flats.

Another well-known Melbourne Federation-period household was Alfred Deakin's dignified Walsh Street residence across the river from "Cliveden," in South Yarra.

Australia's grave but handsome young first Federal Attorney-General and second Prime Minister could be seen setting out at midday every Sunday to deliver a hot dinner carved from the family joint to a poor, elderly woman neighbor crippled with rheumatism.

This was only one of the innumerable little kindnesses which distinguished Alfred Deakin's life.

Mrs. Deakin was just as warm-hearted, said one of their three daughters, Mrs. Herbert Brookes, president of the National Council of Women in Australia.

Describing her parents, Mrs. Brookes said: "They were both visionaries who dedicated their lives to good citizenship.

"Mother was one of the first women in Australia to work for supervised playgrounds for children, and she was a tower of strength behind the Bush Nursing Society, Free Kindergarten movements, and a host of charities."

Mrs. Brookes is proud of the fact that she and her sisters, Lady Rivett and Mrs. T. W. White, enjoyed then-unheard-of feminine emancipation.

"We were brought up by our parents and given a sense of responsibility to the community, instead of being relegated to the nursery," she said.

"Mother made all our clothes. Father encouraged us to follow careers."

Mrs. Brookes and Mrs. White chose music. Lady Rivett took Bachelor of Science and a Diploma of Education degree at Melbourne University.

"Father was always bringing home brilliant colleagues to discuss affairs of State over a quiet dinner," said Mrs. Brookes.

"To encourage us to think for ourselves, he allowed us to take a lively interest in proceedings at the meal, before closeting himself away with his guest to get down to the real business of the evening."

JANET, LADY CLARKE, widow of Sir William, was the youthful step-mother of the first Sir Rupert.

AUSTRALIAN BARONET Sir Rupert Clarke, pastoralist, politician, explorer, soldier, sportsman. He had "a boyish spirit."

FEDERATION PERIOD study of Lady Clarke, mother of Mrs. Reggie Power. She remarried in England and is Lady Grey Egerton.

"POSS," younger daughter of Sir Rupert and Lady Clarke, is now Mrs. Humphrey Brand, wife of a director of Barclays Bank.

"OLD NURSE" Winifred Carter, nurse to the Clarke family for 18 years, was one of the best-loved personalities at "Rupertswood."

Talking BIG

by T. Wendel Hills

A Column Written from *the Wendel Special* **W to XXXXXXOS** Fashion Salon

IT'S not too early to start thinking about your winter coat . . . I suggest you see my collection first! You'll find English Alpaca, English Boucle, and lots of other wonderful fabrics. One in particular is fashioned on American lines . . . the box coat, with an extra-full back. It has fluted collar and deep pockets. In grey, fawn, beige, or blue. Sizes 42, 44, 46 bust measurements. Price £11/13/11. Also a fitted style in English Boucle in black, navy, brown, cherry, grey, or moss-green. Sizes 38 to 60 bust measurements. For only £8/18/11. Lay-by NOW before the rise in prices!

* * *

JUST arrived! Wonderful sheers, jerseys, and spun dresses . . . all with the famous Leroy label! The prices for these dresses are most reasonable. See them at any of my city or suburban salons.

* * *

FOR a dress to wear almost anywhere, nothing could compare with a plain crepe! Lovely new colours and styles in sizes 38 to 60 inch bust measurements. And they're priced from as low as £4 right up to 17gns.

* * *

MY winter suit story covers the season's best-liked silhouettes in fabrics such as whipcord, boucle, English flannel, or gabardine. In a variety of colours and sizes . . . ending happily in the fact that they are splendid suits in every price range. Make a lay-by NOW!

* * *

TRY to buy more style for your money. You're getting an Imported rubber-lined raincoat in wonderful shades of cherry, blue, grey, lemon, corn, brown, or green. Some in black/white check. They're in sizes XSSW to OS. The price a mere 89/6. Send your order for one today, while stocks are plentiful!

* * *

I HAVE the biggest collection of topcoats ever! Imagine a coat of English boucle for only £9/19/11 They're in colours of green, wine, grey, black, or brown. They're in a fitted style in sizes 38 to 60 inch bust measurements. Make your lay-by NOW!

* * *

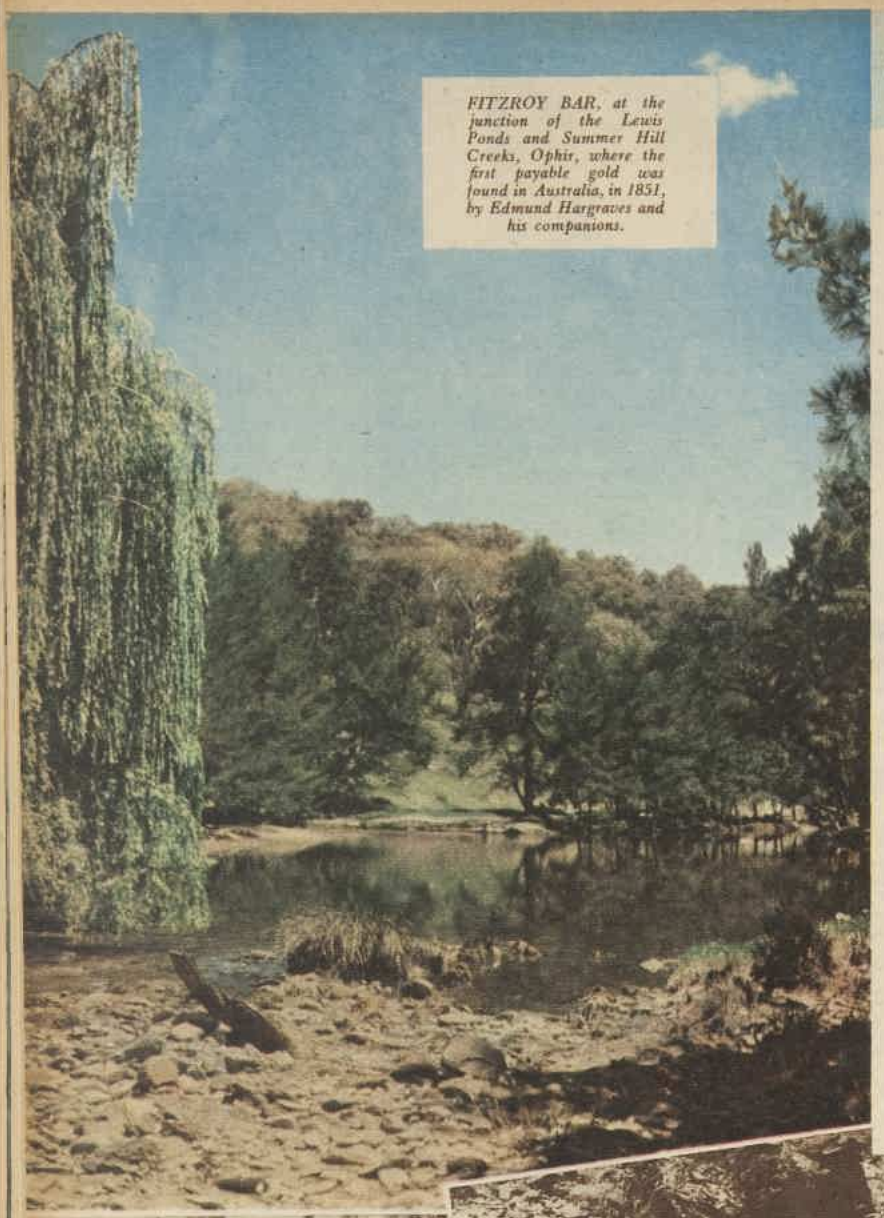
I HAVE the sun-dresses you've been wanting . . . in a variety of fabrics to suit all occasions (linen, spun, seersucker, or cotton). These dresses have little cover-up jackets to top a bared - shoulder dress. All colours and sizes. Priced from 39/11 to £4/19/11. Also seersucker dresses with stylish collar — in cherry, green, or blue. XW, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS. Only 39/11.

T. Wendel Hills

1st Floor, 147a King St., Sydney. MA5794
T. & G. Bldg., 303a Elizabeth St. MA5503.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799801

GOLD: Discovery



FITZROY BAR, at the junction of the Lewis Ponds and Summer Hill Creeks, Ophir, where the first payable gold was found in Australia, in 1851, by Edmund Hargraves and his companions.

★ Australia this year celebrates the centenary of the gold rushes that brought prosperity to New South Wales and Victoria when they were struggling agricultural colonies.

THE rapid and complex economic expansion that resulted from the mining of gold increased the need for a central governing authority.

Thus the discovery of gold was one of the historical forces that led to Federation, the jubilee of which is celebrated also this year.

In 1850 there were only 405,000 white people in Australia. The gold rushes were largely responsible for increasing the population to 1,168,000 by 1861.

Edmund Hammond Hargraves' discovery of gold in payable quantities at the junction of Summer Hill and Lewis Ponds Creeks, 17 miles from Orange, on February 12, 1851, which he announced after a further find by his assistants, John Lister and William and James Tom, on April 24, started Australia's gold rushes.

Previous discoveries of gold had not been announced because the Government feared such an announcement would disorganise the struggling colony and because the quantities found were not large.

But because of the exodus from Australia to California, where gold had been discovered, Governor Fitzroy eventually decided that the announcement of a find in Australia would be a good thing.

The Government's earlier forebodings had been well founded. A letter dated May 22, 1851, contains the information —"the police constables resigned in a body at Bathurst, to go gold-hunting . . ."

Hargraves, a grazier and timber merchant, had visited Bathurst several times before he joined the gold rush to California.

He didn't strike it rich there, but he noticed the similarity of the country to the hill country west of Bathurst.

After his find near Orange he received a grant of £10,000 and an annuity of £250 from the Government, but he never staked a claim. His companions received £1000 between them.

Before the find was confirmed by Government geologist Samuel Stutchbury, more than 16,000 people had rushed to the spot.

This year the cities of Orange and Bathurst will re-enact the discovery of gold in the district with pageants and festivals in February and April, and the Orange Branch of the Royal Historical Society is organising a pilgrimage to Ophir, the town that grew out of the discovery, in April.

Ophir, named after King Solomon's fabulous treasure city, looks very different to-day from how it looked a hundred years ago.

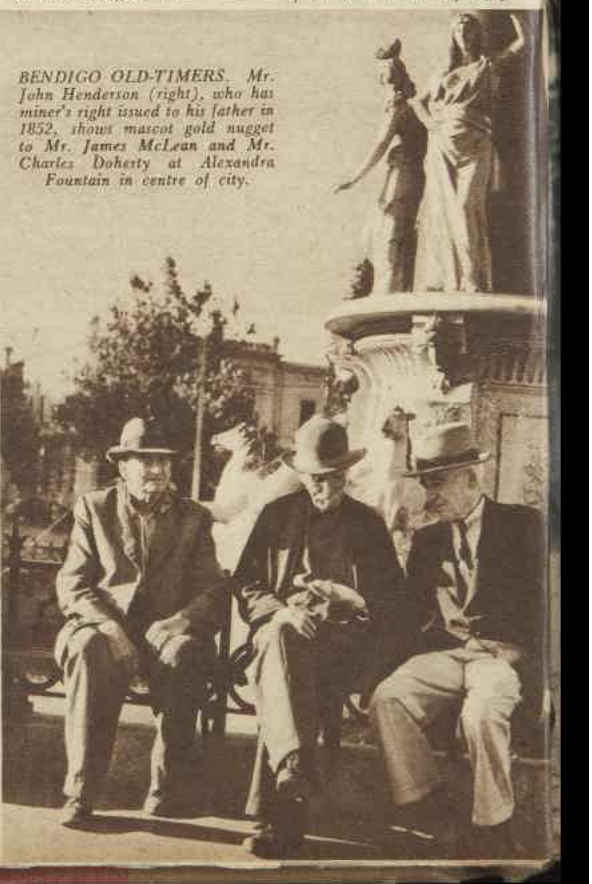
The place where tens of thousands grubbed in the creek and honeycombed the hillside in their search for gold, where three pubs sprang up in three months, and five others were built along the road, is now a pleasant camping spot in indifferent sheep country.

Those who take part in the pilgrimage to Ophir in April will travel a rough, pot-holed, red-dust road not much different from the roads travelled by the diggers a hundred years ago.

It finally winds down a very steep

PLATEMAN Cyril Bateman at North Deborah mine, one of the two mines still working at Bendigo (Vic.), is greeted by braceman Bill Connelly after ascending 1200 feet from depths of mine.

LAST OF THE FOSSICKERS left this dusty old wheelburrow at the entrance to an Ophir digging. Pensioners still pan for alluvial washing, but little gold is found.



BENDIGO OLD-TIMERS. Mr. John Henderson (right), who has miner's right issued to his father in 1852, shows mascot gold nugget to Mr. James McLean and Mr. Charles Doherty at Alexandra Fountain in centre of city.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799802

that transformed Australia

A MILLION POUNDS' WORTH of gold has been taken from this mine, North Deborah, Bendigo, since 1938.

gally to the spot where the two creeks meet, deserted save for cows that may be drinking right at Fitzroy Bar, where the gold was found.

Masses of brown and yellow butterflies flit about where masses of humanity sweated and toiled. Rabbits frisk along the old coach road which led to Sydney and over which fortunes in gold used to pass.

The coaches were guarded by special posses of police from the ten stations then required to keep some sort of order in the district.

When Ophir was booming, between 4000 and 5000 ounces of gold were taken out every fortnight.

The last old-timer, Bill McConnell, left nearly two years ago and now the only lights on the field are the stars that look down in thousands over the quiet landscape.

Local farmer Walter Uren, who was born in a bark cottage half a mile from the creek, often does a little panning.

"You never know," says Walter, "especially after floods like the recent ones. That's the time to look for gold."

Walter is 50. His father made a lot of money digging and panning for gold at Ophir.

He spent it raising 14 kids, Walter will tell you.

But there haven't been any rich finds at Ophir for years, and the only monuments left to man's greed—and need—are the piles of stones round the once busy pit-heads and an occasional old flume in the creek.

Stimulated by the New South Wales finds, citizens of the new colony of Victoria, separated only the year before from New South Wales, offered rewards for gold found within 200 miles of Melbourne in 1851.

Before the end of the year the great goldfields of Ballarat and Bendigo had been found, fields far richer than those at Ophir.

Ballarat, now the biggest inland city in Australia, will celebrate this year the days in the 1850's when it was a roaring canvas town and its golden lure attracted 70,000 adventurers from all over the world.

Unlike some other Australian diggings that boomed and glittered for a few brief years of glory, Ballarat's foundation of gold has solidified into wealth.

During 1951 Ballarat will celebrate its present prosperity, pay tribute to its historically rich past.

Civic pride is second nature to Ballarat citizens. Everyone, from councillors to taxi-drivers, small boys, waitresses, and the man in the street, is eager to point out the sights.

For Ballarat children the Eureka Stockade is more than an account of Australia's only civil war in a school text-book. It's the spot, up there on the hill in Eureka Street, where great-great-great-grandfather helped to dress Peter Lalor in women's clothes when he went into hiding from the troopers, who had put a price of £200 on his head.

It's the background of a story of a gold locket with a diamond star on it given in 1858 by a young Cornishman to his girl bride after he, with a party of 29 others, had unearthed a fabulous lump of gold they called the "Welcome Nugget" — largest nugget of pure gold the world has ever seen, weighing 1½ cwt., and worth, at to-day's price, over £23,000.

At Craig's Hotel, the Royal suite, where the young Princes Albert and George slept before touring the goldfields, is in daily use.

And just around the corner are the livery stables where Adam Lindsay Gordon, poet and horseman, kept his horses.

He wrote verse there, too—but Ballarat folk remember him best for his racing triumphs.

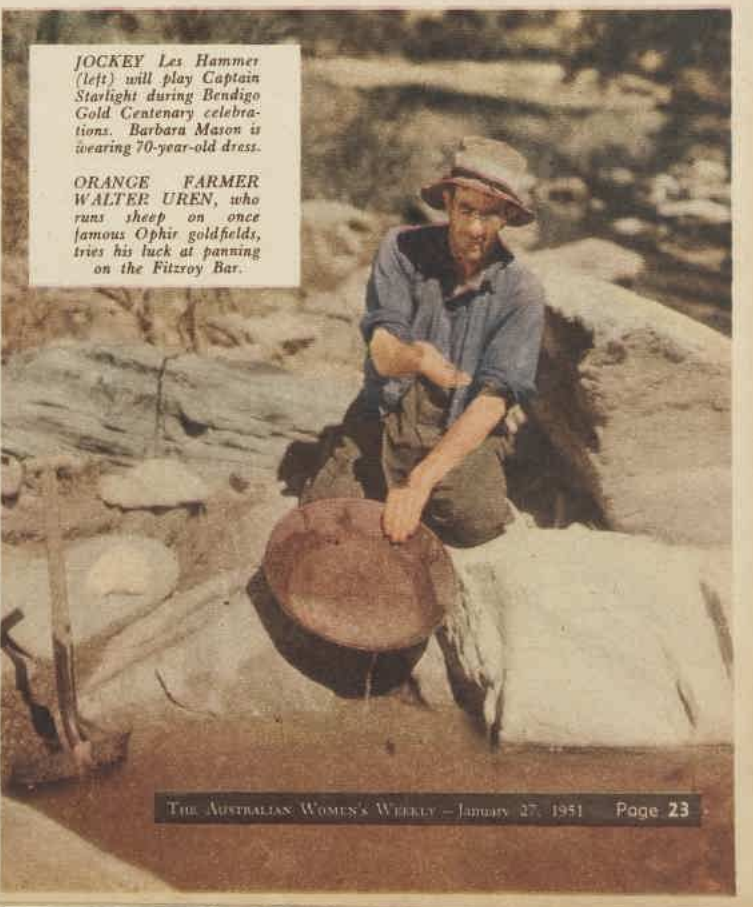
They still recall how, at Dowling Forest Racecourse, the sport-loving diggers cheered Gordon to victory on Cadger in the Grand National Steeplechase of 1865. The stakes were £265.

Continued on page 24

TEA-TIME for John Morris when his wife brings him a billy of tea where he is stooking hay on his 400-acre dairy and sheep property, on site of former Bendigo diggings. Mr. Morris has a gold tooth made from gold specks he has found in abandoned mullock heaps in his paddocks.

PRESIDENT OF ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Orange, Mr. R. Sheritan, and secretary Dick Rennie camp with The Australian Women's Weekly staff reporter beside historic monument marking gold find at Ophir, New South Wales, during their visit.

JOCKEY Les Hammer (left) will play Captain Starlight during Bendigo Gold Centenary celebrations. Barbara Mason is wearing 70-year-old dress.



ORANGE FARMER WALTER UREN, who runs sheep on once famous Ophir goldfields, tries his luck at panning on the Fitzroy Bar.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799803

Joan Fontaine as she co-stars with Joseph Cotten in the Paramount-Hal Wallis production, "September Affair."

"I'm a Lux Girl!" says Joan Fontaine

"My Lux Toilet Soap active-lather facials bring quick new loveliness," Joan Fontaine says. And tests by leading skin specialists have proved that, with pure white Lux Toilet Soap, 3 out of 4 complexions grow lovelier in a very short time. Try the famous beauty lather of pure white Lux Toilet Soap for yourself and bring out the film-star glamour in your skin.

"I love the big new Bath Size Lux Toilet Soap," says Joan. So much more beauty for your money. Buy pure white Lux Toilet Soap in the big bath size today — and treat yourself to the film stars' all-over glamour treatment every day.

9 out of every 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap — Lux Girls are lovelier.

Discovery of gold in Australia

Continued from page 23

IN tree-lined Skipton Street an engineering firm, Davis and Co., still carry on their smithy trade.

In this brick building, mellowed rust-brown with time, smiths once hurried to shoe the "Great Leviathan" Cobb and Co. coach drawn by eight powerful blood horses and built to accommodate 72 passengers.

Roistering diggers, who had made fortunes in days, were on their way to town to celebrate in the 477 hotels where beer was twopence a pint, whisky 4/- a gallon, and where you could pay in gold dust.

Even to-day's real estate boom could not compare with the price of land in Ballarat then. In the area known as "the Jeweller's Shop" it was fetching £2000 per foot.

Where hundreds of poppet legs straddled the country, now only one remains working on the fields of Ballarat. It is not far from Buninyong, where some of the richest finds were made.

Fossickers who go out to the old diggings and pan the alluvial in the quiet creeks which once ran with gold are few and far between now.

Close by Golden Point one modern firm continues to find pay dirt in the long-discarded mullock heaps.

Earth is trucked over, mixed in big vats with a solution of cyanide and lime, put through a dozen different processes, and yields 18 grams of gold per ton of solution.

To the men who once lived in the tiny old miners' huts dotted around the works this yield would have been laughable, but at to-day's gold prices it is still a profitable industry.

Major events in this year's Centenary Celebrations, which include scores of festivities throughout the year, are: A Centenary Regatta and Regatta Girl competition on the lovely Lake Wendouree; "Music for the People," by the Victorian State Orchestra in the Botanic Gardens; the South Street Society's Diamond Jubilee; and the Ballarat Gold Centenary Cup, run at the old Dowling Forest Racecourse.

Bendigo find

BENDIGO is credited with pouring about 640 tons of gold into the nation's coffers in the past 100 years.

But only two mines employing 150 men, North Deborah and Central Deborah, operate at Bendigo now.

High production costs make unprofitable mining at the great depths now necessary.

Embarked on a year of celebration to mark the centenary of their city, citizens say they would need to be digging for dollars to make deep mining a popular occupation.

Though extravagant claims about the gold that is yet to be won from the Golden City are still made, most people settle meanwhile for the more accessible pound notes which pour into the district from its primary and secondary industries.

In 1851 on the spot known as Golden Square a whisper went round that nuggets were to be had for the picking up near The Rocks, 200 yards from Bendigo Creek, a section of the 200,000-acre Ravenswood sheep station.

The news soon brought 40,000 people from other States and overseas, and soon a dozen different tongues could be heard as 12ft. claims were staked, making an ever-enlarging chessboard of the bush.

Old identities give graphic descriptions of the thousands of calico tents set on 12ft. by 8ft. camps, tightly packed over the slopes of the gullies, the cracking of firearms, the ringing of axes, the heat, the incessant dust, clamor, confusion, flies, and a dry creek bed!

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN of Peter Lalor, Eureka Stockade leader. Mrs. N. Phelps, formerly Nano Lalor, her sister Judith (Mrs. J. White), and Mrs. Phelps' son Peter beneath portrait of Lalor.

Gold was far more abundant than water; sickness was rife.

But diggers hung on.

Claim jumping — a digger who stopped work for 24 hours forfeited his claim; the exorbitant cost of 30/- a month for licences—hard on men who didn't strike it lucky; digger hunts; rough rations; and widespread dishonesty added to the tension.

One morning in 1852 two prospectors took fifty pounds gold in weight from a pocket in the slate after sinking a shallow hole.

Tall, dignified 80-year-old Councillor John Michelsen, three times Mayor of the city and host to Royalty during his various terms of office, says although women were a little slow in settling on the goldfields, when they did arrive their coming marked the turning point in the district's history.

"Women wanted security for their families.

"They encouraged their menfolk to turn from mining to agriculture," he points out.

With lively wit and ringing voice 82-year-old Mrs. Jane Aldridge tells how her own mother, who came to Australia as a young Irish widow, married English Richard Talbot in 1857, and took coach from Melbourne diggings at Elysian flat—now Neilborough—about 20 miles from Bendigo.

"Father was lucky and got good gold," she says.

"But like most old-timers he could drink the sea dry.

"My mother said he was like a good cow, who gave a full pail of milk, then kicked the bucket over.

"Mother, who did lion's share always, made up her mind to go on the land, bought a few cows, and reared a good mob of cattle.

"She brought up four of us (my eldest brother died in infancy), did all her own work, walked 20 miles to Bendigo to sell her dairy produce, helped father build log and mud houses and dams, and made a lovely garden with fruit trees."

When Mrs. Aldridge was nine her father was thrown from a buggy and died three weeks later.

Widowed herself in 1905, she has made the family farm her stronghold ever since. The property is worked by her married sons, who live with their families across the paddocks from her picturesque little house.

The wealth that has flowed in Bendigo has left its mark in the two hundred miles of fine, tree-lined streets, magnificent statuary, public buildings and art gallery.

Its Princess Theatre seats 3000 and has a hundred dressing-rooms.

Hold-up to be staged

THE stock sales market is one of the biggest in the world, and is the second largest in Victoria.

Spanish families who came to the goldfields introduced tomatoes, and Huntley Shire Clerk, Mr. John Borrell, says there are still family "bushes" of these "love apples," as they were called then, dating back to the original stock.

Orchards, wheatfields, pastoral country, and major secondary industries have made the golden city independent now of the precious metal that gave it birth.

From January 29, streamlined Bendigo will take a back seat when the city begins its Festival Year to mark reaching the century with a re-enactment of the beginning of Bendigo, on Australia Day.

Bushranger Captain Starlight will gallop through the city on his horse Rainbow to stage a "hold-up" among 1851 picture-dressed pioneer personalities in beautiful Rosalind Park, site of the original gold camp, in the centre of the city.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799804

Federation beauties

The three women whose portraits appear on this page were youthful beauties when the Commonwealth was founded.

MRS. H. H. DUTTON, of Anlaby station, Kapunda, South Australia, was one of the loveliest debutantes of her year. She still has the black sequined gown which she wore with a fashionable picture hat for this picture, which was painted in London during the early part of the century by George Lambert. It is one of his most celebrated portraits. Lambert died in 1930.

MRS. A. W. McNAUGHTON (above), of Ascot, Brisbane, widow of Judge McNaughton. The artist, Tom Roberts, painted the portrait shortly after her marriage. It has been on loan to the Queensland Art Gallery for many years.

LADY MADDEN (below), whose husband, the late Sir John Madden, became acting Governor of Victoria when Lord Hopetoun was appointed the first Governor-General. This portrait was painted by Florence Marks.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799805

60 seconds from now a radiant new complexion with a

1-Minute Mask

Every time it's important for you to look your radiant best — "re-style" your complexion with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

First — Smooth a cool white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.

Instantly — The "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream loosens dried skin flakes. Dissolves them.

Then — After just one minute, tissue off clean. You're lovelier! Your complexion looks radiant! Clearer, silkier, more velvety smooth!

A lovely foundation cream, too!

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

beautiful member of one of America's oldest families, says: "A 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream is the perfect complexion lift. In just one minute the mask brightens and freshens my skin, gives it a new smoothness that takes make-up wonderfully!"

POND'S VANISHING CREAM

PCO 5

Listen to Wrigley's big, new Gracie Fields Show every week

ALL SELF-RAISING FLOUR

PREPARED WITH

AEROPHOS

THE FINEST RAISING INGREDIENT

RISES TO THE OCCASION — PERFECTLY

Search for nation's capital was quite a picnic

By a staff reporter

It deals a glancing blow at the national pride to learn that the most vivid recollection Sydney photographer Monte Luke has of the search for a Federal Capital site is of politician George Reid tearing his trousers clambering through a barbed-wire fence.

Luke was a lad of 17 when he accompanied his father, E. T. Luke, who was official photographer to the Parliamentary delegation which, in February, 1902, set out to examine the 40-odd sites the N.S.W. Government had submitted to the Federal Government for choice.

MR. LUKE'S regret to-day is that photographic equipment 50 years ago was too cumbersome and was operated too slowly for quick shots, so Mr. Reid's dilemma has been lost to posterity.

The Constitution of the new Commonwealth provided that the capital should be in New South Wales, but more than 100 miles from Sydney.

The two Houses of the Federal Parliament had been able to reach no agreement, so the Senators decided to inspect the prospective sites. Their task was magnified by the fixed idea in the minds of most New South Wales citizens that their city, town, or village was the ideal spot.

The delegation, which set out from Spencer St. Station, Melbourne, by special train, was officially of Senators, but it had a floating population, and averaged 50 people.

Mr. W. M. Hughes, Mr. King O'Malley, Senator Keating, of Tasmania, and Sir George Pearce were members of the party.

Sir George Reid, then Mr. Reid and Leader of the Federal Opposition, a man of Pickwickian proportions and Phineas P. Barnum showmanship, wit as well as buffoon, was the most lively delegate.

The mishap to his trousers, as nearly as Monte Luke can remember, happened outside Queanbeyan, probably within a few miles of where the city of Canberra is to-day.

Instead of the noble and serious pronouncement of a Batman, sighting Port Phillip, "This is the site for a city," the general attitude of the Senators seemed to have been, "This is a good spot for a picnic."

"It was my first really big assignment," Mr. Luke recalled, "and I remember being terribly impressed by the magnificent array of food and liquor.

"There were cigars and cigarettes in abundance and oysters galore."

Lavish entertainment

THE delegation visited many towns, including Albury, Orange, Armidale, Bathurst, Eden, Cooma, Dalgety, Bombala, and Tumut.

"At most places we were met by a deputation of the mayor and leading citizens," Mr. Luke said, "and were entertained lavishly with receptions, dinners, and dances. I was bored to death by the long speeches and all the backslapping.

"Roads were very dusty, and, although I wasn't allowed in the pubs, the official party quenched their thirst and washed the dust down many times along the route."

The Senators' junket, however enjoyable, decided nothing, so 13 members of the House of Representatives two months later set out in search of a capital. They left Melbourne for Albury on May 6, 1902, and covered much the same territory as the Senators.

From reports in local papers, members of the party were not welcomed so warmly as their predecessors in towns they visited. In spite of the services of seven waiters for 13 men, a hairdresser, and a librarian to guard 320 novels, they did not enjoy themselves very much.

Albury, which had feted the previous party, practically ignored the visit, except for some adverse comment on the amount of food and gear that accompanied them.

But at Orange George Reid was there to meet them with the town band. A party of 25 members set off to visit the lofty Mt. Canobolas, which overlooks Orange.

Everybody except Reid walked up the steeper grades to spell the horses. Mr. Reid would not budge on foot, and finally persuaded a lad with a wiry pony and a cart to take him to the top of the mountain, which is 4610 feet above sea level.

Too cold for Billy

WINTRY weather seems to have defeated the chances of Bombala, Tumut, and Dalgety, which were the early favorites. At Bombala the shivering politicians were welcomed by an old identity of the district.

"Parliament will be able to sit day and night in this climate," he enthused, his rosy cheeks wreathed in smiles at the prospect.

"Is it always as cold as this?" Billy Hughes whispered to another local. "I've been here 15 years, and this is the warmest winter we've had," the local confided.

Bombala was no longer the hot favorite.

Some of the politicians, determined apparently to catch either votes or pneumonia, swam in the icy Snowy River.

A source of astonishment and expense to the Parliamentarians was the prevalence of Men from Snowy River. In those days, it seems, claimants to the honor of being the hero of Paterson's poem were as thick as winter snows on Kosciusko.

Illogically, their drinking prowess instead of horsemanship was tested.

In almost every village on the Monaro a Man from Snowy River was shouted drinks by the delegation.

At one small town the show was rather mismanaged and two rivals appeared at once. There was a pitched battle before the politicians. The first pretender knocked out the second, who had, as he so expressively put it, "crooled his pitch."

In spite of a menu which included tinned tongues, canned meats, fish, bread, cheese, cakes, pastry, tea, assorted liquors and cigars, many of the politicians were anxious to finish the trip and return home.

Night after night had to be spent in the train. (New South Welshmen who are riding in the same trains 50 years later will fully sympathise with every bump and bruise the honorable gentlemen sustained.)

The trip, which took about two weeks, was treated by many citizens as a joke. Some said the members were loafing and not doing their job. Others, for some odd reason, maintained the politicians were being starved to death.

Voluminous reports went into Parliament on these two trips. It was only after more than eight years of haggling and arguing that the present site of Canberra, near the Lake George site, suggested by Sir William Lyne when he was Minister for Home Affairs, was proclaimed by Act of Parliament in 1909.

Perhaps these peregrinations of our past politicians might be re-enacted during some future celebration.

With seven waiters for 13 people, a hairdresser, a librarian to guard 320 novels, and an attractive menu, it could be quite a trip.

PARLIAMENTARY PARTY surveys the Orange district from the top of Mt. Canobolas. Sir William Lyne points with his stick. Next to him is Mr. (later Sir) George Reid. In left foreground is Sir George Pearce.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799806

How they looked in 1901

● All nine young men pictured on this page have become famous in Australian politics since they faced the camera in Federation year.

Some may be hard to identify, but once their names are known it is easy to see the faces of to-day's statesmen among the obscuring ringlets, the bows, the stiff collars, and the youthful features of half a century ago. Can you recognise all of them?

PRIME MINISTER R. G. Menzies was a serious-faced new boy at Jeparit (Vic.) State School in 1901.

SENATOR George McLeay was as rotund, jovial, and handsome as is to-day's Minister for Fuel.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD H. V. Evatt, of East Maitland (N.S.W.), had just got his first cricket bat.

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS Minister Percy Spender was a chubby three-year-old with big blue eyes.

SOLEMN TEENAGER working in a Bathurst store had not acquired J. B. Chifley's twinkle.

W. M. HUGHES, aged 36, had been teacher, cook, shearer, was then M.L.A. for Lang (N.S.W.).

TUFT is all remaining of the ringlets of future devotee of Australian rules football, A. A. Calwell.

CHUBBINESS of Josiah Francis has solidified, but the Cabinet Minister has same earnest look.

GOOD-LOOKING Earle Christmas Grafton Page was doing medicine at Sydney University.

Shirts worn with pride

Country Club leadership in style and tailoring now comes to you with a refreshing range of tasteful new colours. Leisure shirts in luxurious fabrics, loomed for Country Club, pre-shrunk and wash-tested. No wonder this is the most copied shirt. Guaranteed, of course.

Look for the label—insist on the genuine

Country Club — Tailored by Buckwalter with the PAT. PEND. NEATLINE collar

STYLED BY SPIRE OF CALIFORNIA

CHILDREN LOVE THE DELICIOUS MINTY FLAVOUR OF

COLGATE AMMONIATED TOOTH POWDER

ALWAYS INSIST ON COLGATE AMMONIATED TOOTH POWDER BECAUSE—Here's a *pleasant, easy way* to teach your children correct dental habits. They'll love Colgate's delicious minty flavour.

Dental science reveals that tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst *right after eating.* Brushing teeth with Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder *right after eating* helps remove these acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's *active* penetrating foam reaches crevices between your teeth where food particles often lodge.

COLGATE Ammoniated Tooth Powder

CLEANS YOUR BREATH AS IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

TPA-121

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799807

THE HIGHWAYMAN

Gold coaching days at Bendigo, Victoria, and in Melbourne in the 'sixties are the setting for "The Highwayman," by Edmond Samuels, now at King's Theatre, Melbourne.

CLIMAX of the play comes when Guards officer Jim Steel (Earl Covert) returns locket to Mary Brown (Beryl Seton) after it was stolen by the highwayman.

LEADER of bushranging gang, who poses as gold buyer Mervyn Smith (Ray Dandy), is repulsed by Mary Brown, Eaglehawk innkeeper's daughter (right).

CAN-CAN GIRLS Dawn Spry, Shirley Sunners, Margaret Nunn, and Leonie Scarlett in barroom scene. Oil lamp used in bar came from old Bendigo Hotel.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE butler (Frank Martin) is not amused at Charles Norman's jokes as he serves Sally Walsh (Ann Donald) and Norman with champagne.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799808

INNKEEPER Willie Brown (Carl Randall) and wife (Beth Nicol) greeted by Governor at ball at Government House, which Willie enlivens with unconventional remarks and behaviour.

ABORIGINAL ACTOR Ted Mullett, member of Yarra tribe, chats with bushranger (Edward Jordan) and police constables (Reg Swan and Alan Jacobson) backstage. Ted was factory worker.

Play recalls wild colonial days

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

A CAST of 70 Australians headed by English and American guest stars Beryl Seton, Earl Covert, Ray Dandy, and producer Carl Randall appear in "The Highwayman," current Australian stage success.

The show was recommended by the general council of Actors' Equity as the Jubilee play to tour all States.

A love affair between Mary Brown (Beryl Seton), daughter of the host of Eaglehawk Inn, and mysterious highwayman (Earl Covert), who has a price on his head as a member of a bushranging gang plundering gold coaches between Bendigo and Melbourne, is the theme.

Most entertaining personality in the company is author and musical composer Edmond Samuels.

He started in show business on the stage of the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney, when a student of 18.

"I stood there crimson with embarrassment when famous old-time vaudeville star Lee White introduced me as a song writer," he said.

"Lee announced the sentimental ballad 'Ere To-morrow Dawns,' which I had composed as 'Fetch To-morrow's Prawns.'"

It was about this time young Master Samuels "gave away" his law studies to take up pharmacy.

At the end of his pharmacy apprenticeship, Edmond set himself up as a chemist.

His headache-bar in Sydney where he prescribed for hangovers received world-wide publicity.

He also stocked heart balm in the form of perfumes, fresh flowers, and gifts.

He helped customers select gifts for their girlfriends and write little verses and poems to go with the gift.

Here is a poem he claims "got a lot of people married":

"If flowers mean friendship,
And people say they do,
I'd have to send a gardenful
To show my love for you."

But Mr. Samuels says he has not had time to get married himself.

As he made up prescriptions his fingers itched to become an author. After publishing books, poems, and songs, he went off to London with his first play, "The Silver Swan," in 1935.

"Alice Delysia was the star, and the play ran for three months at the Palace Theatre," he recalls. "But its Australian theme was unrecognisable by the time producers had finished with it. They said Australia wouldn't interest London theatregoers.

"How do you think they'll like it when I take 'The Highwayman' over to prove them wrong?"

Mr. Samuels says his previous London venture was, however, invaluable, because he got the real slant on play production from Oscar Asche.

"Asche told me it was no good trying to impress big-shot backers in shows that could be produced at a reasonable cost," Mr. Samuels added. "Asche said the only thing to do was for a playwright to raise the money and put the show on himself."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799809

No need to pack a pistol in *your* handbag

Did you know that only a few hours' flight from Australia there are places where women must carry firearms for protection against terrorist attacks?

Happily, this grim state of affairs is unknown in Australia but the fact that it exists so near to our shores is a sharp reminder of the ruthless march of communist aggression. It demonstrates, too, the urgent need for action on the part of every Australian man and woman to help combat these sinister forces and keep Australia free!

Every available man of military age is needed NOW in the Army, Navy or Air Force on a full-time or at least part-time basis.

Others must make the extra effort needed to keep our expanded Defence Forces fully supplied and at the same time provide for increasing civilian needs.

And it is the privilege of every Australian woman to encourage and inspire her menfolk in the most urgent of all today's tasks—that of making Australia strong.

WHAT WE DO NOW
WILL DETERMINE THE FATE
AND FUTURE OF AUSTRALIA

Issued by the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia

DR80.145.120

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799810

Quiz Happy

Continued from page 5

THE audience had come to eager attention. The quizmaster went on pleasantly, "I'm glad you chose History, Mr. Burton, because our history questions to-night are confined to Australian history, as a gesture towards that great event which this country is now celebrating—Federation."

Glancing at Mr. Burton's tense face, he went on talking for a while. "In fact, as I explained earlier, this is Federation night at this station, and the reason why our sponsors so generously voted all those special prizes. There was no radio when this great Commonwealth was founded, but to-night radio is going to play its part in telling the Australians of to-day all about it. Know your Australian history, sir?"

"Er—er——" Mr. Burton gulped, then muttered, "Got a book somewhere at home. My dad left it to me when he died. All Australian history. A chap he worked for gave it to him. Thought a lot of that book, dad did."

"Very interesting, Mr. Burton," the quizmaster said pleasantly. "Well, now, just two simple questions. If both are answered correctly you take the pick of the cards held in my offsider's hand here. The article mentioned on the card is yours. And, in addition, to-night, there is a special prize of £100 for every successful competitor."

He added brightly, "But if you fail to answer your questions you won't go away empty handed. No, sir. You receive a large bottle of Parson's Pep Pills, guaranteed to take away that run-down feeling. Now, ready?"

Mr. Burton looked bewildered.

In the audience, Mrs. Burton was twisting her handkerchief almost to shreds. A washing machine! A washing machine to take the toil out of washday, like they said in the ads. This could bring it—oh, but Bob would never be able to answer these questions. Whatever had made him choose History? Not that he'd have made much of a fist at anything else——"

"Now, sir," she heard the quizmaster's voice say as if from a long way off. "What was the name of the ship on which Captain Cook journeyed to Australia?"

On the stage Bob's face assumed a do-or-die expression, but no sound came from his tightly compressed lips.

"Fifteen seconds to go, Mr. Burton," the quizmaster said encouragingly. "Why not make an endeavor to answer that question?"

The crowd roared and Bob looked even more bewildered.

"It's your first question, sir. Why not make an endeavor," repeated the quizmaster, emphasising the last word.

"Endeavor," muttered Bob, "make an endeavor . . ."

"What was that you said, sir? Endeavor—was it?"

"Yes," mumbled Bob, "but—"

"Right, sir," interrupted the quizmaster. "Endeavour is quite right. The name of Captain Cook's ship was the Endeavour."

Bob heaved a sigh, while the audience clapped excitedly.

The quizmaster leaned forward.

"Now," he said, "for your second question. Take it easy. Think of that special prize. And remember—this is the question that can earn you one of the stupendous prizes. A washing machine for mother or an electric lawn-mower for dad."

Bob was remembering that only too well. It seemed to have made his brain a complete blank. As for Mrs. Burton, she felt positively faint.

"This is your question," the quizmaster said. "What one-time Premier of this State earned the title of 'Father of Federation'?"

Now Mrs. Burton almost did faint. Away went the washing machine, the lawn-mower, the hundred pounds. She had no notion of the answer, and she was willing to bet the hundred pounds that Bob had even less. Then she found herself sitting bolt upright, gasping.

"Henry Parkes," almost shouted the excited Bob, "Henry Parkes." He leaned closer to the microphone. "How's that, young Johnny?"

The audience was clapping in a frenzy of enthusiasm, and the quizmaster was beaming. "Congratulations, Mr. Burton. It was Henry Parkes—Sir Henry Parkes." He added, "But who is Johnny?"

BOB was stuttering with excitement. "Johnny's one of my boys. They're listening in at home," he said.

"Cheerio, boys," said the quizmaster. "Now let's see what Dad can pick to bring home to you, as well as the special prize."

The compere held out two cards. Mr. Burton pointed to one, and the compere put it into his hand.

"Now, sir," he said, "will you please read the card to the audience."

Mr. Burton took one look and gave a shout of laughter. He read out firmly, "One hairpin."

A long drawn out disappointed "oh" came from the crowd, but Bob was still smiling, if a trifle ruefully. "Oh, well," he said. "Mum bet I'd never win her a washing machine, and she's usually right."

The compere was beaming. "May I congratulate you on being such a good sport, Mr. Burton. And now, I have something to add."

He paused, then went on dramatically, "Our sponsors have found that even Parson's Pep Pills sometimes fail to give you just the necessary strength of mind to make that difficult decision — should I choose a washing machine for Mum, or a lawn-mower for Dad. So for this special night, they adopted this novel way of making the choice for you. You see this other card?"

He held up the other card, on which Mr. Burton read, "One razor blade."

"Had you chosen that, Mr. Burton," he said, "you could have had a further choice. Would you prefer a razor blade or an electric lawn-mower? As it is, we now ask you to decide as well as your special hundred pounds—will you accept the hairpin or instead take a washing machine?"

. . . . . .

"But, Bob, how did you know it? What made you choose History?" Mrs. Burton, still beside herself with excitement, was clamoring.

"It was really the book did it all," Bob himself had hardly stopped smiling. "You know Dad's book he thought so much of?"

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Burton said. "The book given to him by the man he worked for!"

"That's just it," Bob replied. "The man Dad worked for—the man that gave him the book—was Sir Henry Parkes, the Father of Federation!"

(Copyright)

Fastidious women are saying:

"The best deodorant I've ever used!"

Press the rubber cap for a jet of SNO-MIST Powder where you want it. Sprays on—stays on.

Here, as in England and America, women are finding Sno-Mist the ideal deodorant. Applied in 10 seconds direct from the "puffer-pack," Sno-Mist stops odour instantly — and gives day-long protection.

Non-irritant to skin—harmless to clothes. Economical in use, too—hundreds of puffs in every pack. Be sure of personal freshness all day, every day—with

Price 3/9

SNO-MIST

POWDER DEODORANT

SNO.R.14

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!

Not a soap, not a cream . . . Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather . . . needs no special rinse!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!

Halo leaves hair soft, manageable . . . shining with colourful natural highlights!

YES, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily shampoos leaves dulling film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favourite shampoo*—to-day.

THE LARGEST SELLING SHAMPOO IN *America*

A COLGATE QUALITY PRODUCT

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair! 3/6

HA/120

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799811

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799812

As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): A good week to entertain and look for happiness, with January 24 and 30 your lucky days, and January 25 and 26 subject to unconventional and strange episodes. Don't be too impulsive.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Tackle your important problems right now. Don't wait until the end of week. Your stars are not so lucky from January 25. However, recent gains should see you well over the uncertain days.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Use January 24 and 30 for your most important moves. The in-between days are fraught with irritating incidents, some of which will force many Geminians to improve past errors.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Hold fast to any recent gains until January 30. Conditions are rather unsettled during the next few days, especially where money, assets, or your partners income is concerned.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): You have excellent days until January 24, especially where your interests are shared. However, avoid impulse from January 25 to 27. You could easily upset carefully built plans by erratic behaviour.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Don't allow upsets or undercurrents to interfere with activity started on Wednesday. Steer a straight course ahead and you will meet helpful influences nearing January 30.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Pleasure and profit with a tinge of romance are in the air. However, a little discretion on January 26 and 27 would not go amiss.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Decisions and unexpected activity may be called for in some of your affairs this week. Act on January 30 for best results.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): January 24 is a mentally exhilarating day, especially bright for social life and meetings of all kinds. The rest of the week until January 30 warns against misunderstandings.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): A good week to add to your income, share another's luck, or get something easily for little effort. Your only dull days are January 28 and 29.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): January 25 to 27 are days to watch your step. However, January 30 is excellent for financial and business affairs. Try out new ideas; they are bound to prove more original than hitherto.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Good and adverse aspects march side by side this week. As one door closes another opens. Choose January 24 and 30 as your luckiest and most dependable days.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Look at your skin
..others do!

Help skin blemishes disappear with
REXONA SOAP
ESPECIALLY MEDICATED* FOR 'SKIN CARE'

You simply can't hide blotches and other skin faults with makeup! But you CAN clear up blemishes with Rexona Soap because it is especially medicated with Cadyl* to restore skin to natural loveliness.

11D PER TABLET
Slightly higher in some country areas

★ Cadyl is a fragrant blend of 5 rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Rexona's silky-fine lather carries Cadyl deep into the pores where most blemishes start.

X.107 W.W.82.9

NO ONE KNOWS BUT You!

INECTO'D HAIR LOOKS SO NATURAL

It's a secret you can keep as your own, for Inecto'd hair has that rich, natural lustre that all admire. Eighteen shades . . . fast to wind, sun and water . . . and it takes only a few minutes to do.

INECTO
RAPID HAIR COLOURING
Ask your Chemist or Hairdresser.

H1.10.a

QUICKER SAFER EASIER
the NEW ACTIVATED
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

Chases Dirt!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799813

Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 9

MARGARETTA said sharply, "You know perfectly well what I mean, Hugo. Don't be obstructive. A stylised shape. Lily of the valley or something with their long green leaves and the heads fanning out, tipped with feathery white blossom."

"Sounds charming, I'm sure. And just exactly how do you mean the bridesmaids to carry them?"

"That can be seen to at the rehearsal. Please keep to the point, Hugo."

"The point for me is that I dislike the whole conception of flower fans."

"Not at all. They're very smart."

"Are they? Where?"

"Well, they will be, anyhow, after Susan's wedding."

"All right, have it your own way. So be it. That's settled then." His tone robbed her of her victory. "As to size now. Seeing as how it's your brain-child, I shall want a blueprint for the florist."

"Certainly. Give me some paper—scissors."

He walked over to the table and came back with both.

There was nothing invalidish about the ring-laden hands as she cut and clipped the size and shape for him.

Standing beside her, looking down, Hugo said airily: "Is this coquettish little affair to be carried by Veronica, by the matron of honor, too?"

Veronica Rawlings was Margaretta's niece, the daughter of a sister; William was a beloved brother's son.

"Veronica?" Margaretta repeated, "Yes, why not. She's wearing silver brocade, too."

Hugo asked: "What sort of ribbon do you want the florist to use? Silver or green? Green perhaps might be better because——"

"Listen!" She cut him short bluntly, finger lifted. "There's a car. That's probably Susan now," and pressed the bell at her side. "No, not green, silver." Her voice was raised for Una before she could appear. "Una! Una! If this is Miss Wynne, ask her to come and speak to me."

"Yes, madam." Una's flat moon-pale face wore an expression of boredom. The past few days had been very peaceful. Very peaceful indeed, they'd been, with no one but herself to order the two Balts about in the kitchen . . .

Susan Wynne brought her car with a rush round the gravel drive and came to an abrupt halt under the portico in front of the steps.

Margaretta Gaiford's flat was the upstairs one of an old family mansion now divided into three flats.

Susan jumped out and slammed the car door. For just one moment, her hand still on the door, she stood like a bird arrested in flight. It was dark, but the sky was tinted with a pale glow from the lights of the opposite shore, and the evening planet, low down, shone milkily . . . Venus in her tenderest mood.

For just that brief moment she paused, then turned and ran in the doorway, across the hall, and up the wide, shallow stairs.

As she opened the door with her key and closed it behind her, Una glided out of the drawing-room like a housemaid on wheels. Una was always busy, but she was always at hand when you wanted her. And nearly always when you didn't.

Susan asked, "How is Mrs. Gaiford to-night, Una?"

"A lot better. Quite herself again, I'd say. Arranging and telephoning. She asked for you to go and see her when you came in."

"I will." Susan bent her head over the letters waiting for her on the table.

Letters, telegrams, packages, dressmakers' boxes, straw and string and brown paper — the flat had been awash with them all for the past fortnight; the morning room off the balcony looked like a department store with the glittering jumble of presents waiting to be laid out in display.

Every spare moment Susan had snatched up her pen and written: "Thank you for the perfectly lovely coffee set"—tea services, dressing-bags, spoons, cocktail shakers, cups and curios, two marble elephants butting a complete set of Jane Austen.

She had moved with hardly time to think or sleep from one activity to another.

And then, six days ago, Margaretta's collapse. The nurses, the doctors cautioning rest, but the ferment of doing had gone on—Margaretta couldn't rest otherwise—only voices had been lowered, bells muffled, and doors kept closed.

Una was saying, "The wedding dress has arrived, Miss Wynne. Madame Picard will be along in the morning to see it on you."

Susan lifted her head from the letters in her hand. "In the morning? I shan't be in in the morning."

"She'll phone you. The young lady that brought it unpacked it."

She opened the door of Susan's bedroom, switched on the light, waited, followed her into the room.

The wedding dress, magnolia satin, pearl encrusted, lay along the couch in all its medieval splendor.

Una slipped her hands under the bodice and raised it. Ripples of light ran down the gleaming folds like water, and glinted in rose and blue on the pearls.

"It's a real picture, isn't it?" she said. "Look at the way the skirt's cut. How are you going to wear your hair?"

Susan's hair was ash-blond, she wore it loosely coiled up on her small head. Brow and cheek and chin had their own pearly softness with no curls to break their line.

"The way I always do. Unless——" Her voice died away as she stood looking down at the dress.

For suddenly a sound had come to her. A sound from below. Someone crossing the tiled hall and running up the stairs.

IT was he. Two minutes later and she'd have met him, they'd have met and spoken, a few words, at least, come up the stairs together, looked at each other . . . smiled. A brief moment, nothing really, but for her—everything.

She stood quite still, stooped over the dress to hide the flood of color to her face, hearing his footsteps cross the landing outside . . . a door opening—closing . . .

Robert Adams.

When, a month ago, engaged to William Jennings, Susan had come to stay with William's aunt, everything had seemed just right and the way it should be. A fortunate marriage was what her fortunate years had been leading up to.

Money, and all it gives, beauty, attraction that was instant and effortless, a doting and indulgent father—Susan had been born to all these. People were never tired of saying how lucky, how incredibly lucky Susan Wynne was!

Last winter she and William had made two of a party to Kosciusko, and on the snow slopes in the daytime and in the Chalet at night William had quietly annexed Susan, stranger still, had made her like being annexed.

It was the first time any man had ever got away with possessive airs with Susan.

They had come back to town engaged. And everyone, including the two principals, had thought it wonderfully fitting that their two fortunes should come together, their good looks be joined. No one had expected a less satisfactory marriage for either of them. Nor had the two principals expected less for themselves.

Then one day a fortnight ago a letter had been put by mistake into Margaretta's box in the hall below. Susan had taken it out.

Please turn to page 36

RIVETS

NOW... *away-from-home* relief for

STOMACH TROUBLES

DE WITT'S *introduce* ANTACID TABLETS

. . . Companion-product to the well-known De Witt's Antacid Powder

Away from home—no matter where or when—here's the newest, handiest and easiest way to deal promptly with digestive upsets.

De Witt's chemists have now produced Antacid Tablets which are very pleasant to take WITHOUT WATER, dissolve *smoothly* on the tongue and leave a clean, fresh taste in the mouth. The effective dosage is 1-2 tablets for quickly checking indigestion, flatulence, heartburn and similar stomach disorders.

You can always carry a few De Witt's Antacid Tablets with you *anywhere*. They are in tear-off strips, each tablet *Cell-sealed* for freshness and protection. Handy for pocket or handbag. Price **1/6** a box—on sale everywhere NOW.

The Family Standby—In thousands of homes a canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder is always kept handy.

Mother knows that a spoonful of this reliable family medicine in a glass of water is usually all that's needed to correct everyday digestive disorders. It is well-termed "The Family Standby," because children, as well as adults, benefit from its soothing and settling effect on an upset stomach.

Besides its *rapid action* in neutralising excess acid in the stomach, De Witt's Antacid Powder has a *prolonged effect*. This is because it spreads a protective coating over the delicate stomach lining. Get a canister to-day, price **2/9**. Giant size **5/6** (2½ times the quantity of the 2/9 size).

- EASILY CARRIED IN CELL-SEALED STRIP
- GIVE PROMPT RELIEF
- VERY PLEASANT TO TAKE
- NO WATER NEEDED

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER & TABLETS

- SOOTHES AND SETTLES UPSET STOMACH
- NEUTRALISES EXCESS ACID
- RAPID IN ACTION
- HAS PROLONGED EFFECT

For Home Use

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799814

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant; with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Have their vacation interrupted by the
CHIEF OF POLICE: Who asks Mandrake to catch the
BLUE BANDIT: A jewel-thief.

Mandrake is trapped at the Bandit's secret airfield and locked in a room where light bulbs send out sleep-making fumes. The Bandit and accomplice Mac bind Mandrake, then ask him to use his magic on their behalf, otherwise he dies. NOW READ ON:

Who said you CAN'T afford an electric washer?

£43·10 (or from 8/- per week)

is all you pay for your HOOVER ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

...and money cannot buy better!

Here it is — the wonder of the year . . . the washing machine that every man can afford to give his wife. Not an unknown manufacturer's product, but a Hoover — a proud, value-for-every-penny Hoover! Made by the same people who bring you the world-famous Hoover Vacuum Cleaner. It's the latest thing in washing machines! It's the lowest price you've ever heard of! It's a reliable, tried and true, all-British Hoover!

COMPLETE COUPON AND LEARN MORE ABOUT IT

1. **Does ALL** the wash for a big family.
2. **Cuts out** soaking, rubbing, boiling.
3. **Washes whites** in 4 minutes; rayons in 1 minute.
4. **Washes cleaner** than you can by hand.
5. **So gentle** because the exclusive Hoover Pulsator doesn't force and stretch the clothes, but pulsates the water through the wash.
6. **Tucks away** in less than 3 feet of space . . . gives you more elbow room in the laundry.

. . . AND IT'S MADE BY

THE MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S BEST CLEANER **HOOVER**

Free! How to have spare time on washdays

I am interested in the Hoover plan for easier washdays. Please send me details of the Hoover Washing Machine without obligation.
Post to Hoover (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 3761, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., in unsealed envelope bearing 2d. stamp.

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE

27.1.51. HW.1.WW142z

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799815

Don't trifle with Acne blackheads or pimples

MEDICAL RESEARCH HAS DISCOVERED A NEW, SAFE WAY OF ENDING SKIN BLEMISHES

The discovery of Dermasan by a prominent research specialist has finally solved the problem of ACNE and facial blemishes generally. Dermasan provides a complete 3-phase skin treatment which restores cell catalytic activity, banishes acne, gives long-term immunity against recurrence and ensures a flawless, healthy complexion for men and women alike.

dermasan

A complete, quick-acting skin TREATMENT . . . not a "patent lotion"

Dermasan has 3 main elements: (1) Cell oxidising catalysts of the correct type and proportions to restore or build cell chemical balance; (2) an element which gives long-term immunity; (3) the requisite minerals for skin health.

Dermasan is a research product and is therefore sold by pharmacies only. The complete treatment costs 18/6. The Australian distributors for the laboratories which produce Dermasan are World Agencies Pty. Ltd., World Building, George Street, Sydney.

DERMASAN LOTION is now available as a replacement in an individual carton, 12/6.

DE7-50

Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 34

THE letter was addressed to Robert Adams, and he, Susan knew vaguely, was the young man in the small back flat with the door almost opposite their own.

She had taken up the letter. His door had been open, propped back with a couple of books to let the breeze through. She had tapped.

The scrape of a chair . . . he had come out, looking absent, his hair ruffled, his mind still at his desk where he had been at work apparently. She had seen through into a rather sketchily furnished room beyond, books, an armchair, a typewriter on the desk.

She had held out the envelope. "I'm sorry to disturb you, but I think this letter is for you."

"Oh, really?" He glanced down at it incuriously. "Yes, so it is."

"The postman put it in our box by mistake."

"Thanks. Thanks so much for bringing it up."

"It's quite all right. I thought you might be waiting for it or something."

An interchange of words too commonplace, you'd have thought, to be remembered for a minute, but they glowed in Susan's mind still, impregnated with magic.

In fact, from that moment, everything had been wrapped in magic for her, wonderful, bewildering, painful. Love, or whatever it was, had come like an earthquake, toppling the everyday world around her.

Every day since that one there had been some small meeting; or, if not a meeting, the sound of his footstep outside, his door opening or shutting, his telephone ringing, and his voice inside speaking.

Susan had lived under a kind of spell. Why? Why? He had nice grey eyes, an interesting sort of face, but he wasn't particularly good-looking or anything special. Not as good-looking as hundreds of men she had met and danced with, gone riding with, gone surfing with. Not nearly as handsome as William.

No use asking why. It had happened, this uncertain rapture, turning every day into twelve hours of pin-point expectation. She couldn't analyse it, or think of the future, or even grieve that there couldn't be any future for her and Bob Adams.

Did he feel any of this? Was he really as unaware as he appeared of what seemed to her some almost irresistible current flowing from her to him?

This morning, for instance, he had been going out, and for some reason—she did not now why—he had stopped short on the path below, staring up, when he caught sight of her on the balcony ready dressed to go out—hat, bag, gloves—and he had come running back up the stairs and gone into his flat again.

Then, when she had come out he had been just pulling his door shut behind him. He had said he'd forgotten some papers. Had he? They had gone down the stairs together.

Her car had been at the door. She had said, trying to keep her voice steady: "Which way are you going? Can I give you a lift anywhere?"

They had got in, and she had driven slowly, slower than she had ever driven before, taking the longest route to the city.

When he had got out and turned to say good-bye she had suddenly said words that she hadn't meant to say, words that were going to bring all the horror on him.

"I'm driving up to Kurrajong tomorrow morning," she had said. "To see a horse I'm thinking of buying. Are you doing anything? Would it amuse you to come along?"

He had answered just as casually: "Yes, I'd like to very much."

"Good. About ten, then?"

"All right. That'll be fine."

For one delicious moment she had let her eyes rest in his as he stood, his hand on the car door.

She had watched him as he stepped on to the pavement and was swallowed up by the crowd in the narrow street. She had thought: I must be mad! What am I doing? Where am I going? . . .

Now she came back to the present to find herself still holding a fold of her wedding dress and Una's voice in her ears saying: "A real dream frock, isn't it?" and then, because that was Una's way: "You'd better not get any thinner before you wear it."

"Have I got thinner?"

"Well . . . you wouldn't wonder. All the running around you've done the last week."

Please turn to page 37

Beauty in brief:

Perfume pointers

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Fashions in perfumes change, but the wise woman uses fragrance to suit herself.

THE hatband trick with perfume is suggested for women who like a lingering scent for their hair but who do not want to apply perfume directly to it.

A mist of perfume sprayed on to a hatband will also keep the inside of a hat fresh and fragrant smelling. Be sure to use an atomiser.

Some perfumes spot. Others do not. To be on the safe side, apply perfume to body surfaces, such as the elbows, ears, on the ear lobes, or along the hairline, rather than to apparel.

The pores of the skin retain fragrance, and body temperature causes distillation.

Colognes may be used lavishly, and toilet waters need a generous hand.

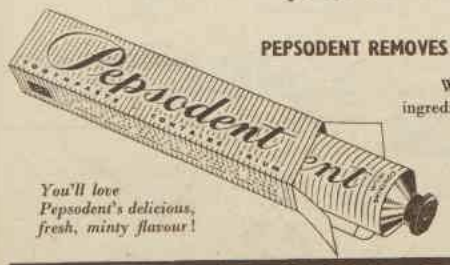
Perfume is concentrated fragrance, consequently less of it is required to be persistent.

"Why are your teeth so much **Whiter** today?"

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

"Because I changed to *New* **PEPSODENT** with Irium"

PEPSODENT REMOVES DULLING FILM, WILL GIVE YOU, TOO, THE WHITEST TEETH.



Why? Because only Pepsodent contains Irium — the wonder ingredient that combats film. Film builds constantly on everyone's teeth. Film clouds natural whiteness, glues acid to teeth, assists decay. **Remove dulling film with Pepsodent.** Pepsodent, with Irium, removes film quickly, efficiently, pleasantly — reveals the true whiteness of your teeth!

You'll love Pepsodent's delicious, fresh, minty flavour!

PEPSODENT gives the WHITEST teeth

Pt.30.WW65g

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799816

Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 36

FOR a moment Susan's eyes lifted to her own image in the glass. The full, parted lips looked curiously startled, and her eyes gazed back at herself defenceless.

Then Margaretta's door opened and the sound of Hugo's voice came to Susan.

She went out into the hall, and Una back to the kitchen.

Hugo said, "Hullo, Susan, how are you? I needn't ask. Very nice." His eyes scanned her from head to foot as though she were a well-chosen bureau standing in the right spot.

They talked for a few minutes, Hugo making various suggestions for the coming week.

And Susan nodding her shapely gold head and letting her lovely eyes rest agreeingly on him. "Yes, Hugo, I'd like that . . . Thanks very much . . . That'd be grand . . . Yes, Hugo . . . yes . . ."

To talk to Susan after Margaretta was like floating on a lake after being buffeted by the ocean.

Susan said: "Hugo, do you mind going down the steps to Mr. Phipps' and asking Veronica and Clive to be up here by ten?"

"I will. Ten o'clock."

"Just as well to remind them," she said. "Clive's nearly always late;" and she went on into Margaretta's room.

. . . . . .

The cottage that Hugo made his way to was only a minute or two distant, on a lower level, reached by a flight of worn steps running down between high houses.

Landing in a narrow lane, you went through the back gate into a scrubby garden of shrubs and palms that seemed as time-resistant as the hundred-year-old stone cottage itself.

Andrew Phipps lived there alone. At least, he did except when Veronica, his daughter, came down from Brisbane for a few weeks with her husband; for the races, to shop, or, as now, for Susan's wedding.

Phipps bore these visits very patiently; Veronica not so patiently—the having to stay in this down-at-heel place without servants, without comforts, without even a telephone, instead of taking a decent suite at a city hotel.

And all because Clive had made such a filthy mess of his business that they never had a penny and had to tell people that it was so much quieter here, and Dad did so love to have her home occasionally, etc.

Veronica was in her bedroom at the moment getting dressed for William's party. The badly lighted bedroom was knee-deep in her and Clive's belongings.

She was sitting at the dressing-table giving the final touches to dress and face and hair. And when it came to those what limitless patience Veronica could show.

Clive, a little elevated from dining out, opened the door and came in.

Without looking round she said: "You're late."

"What's the time? We haven't got to catch an express train, have we? I thought we were on a species of holiday."

"William loathes to be kept waiting."

"Oh, nuts to him. How's Margaretta to-night?"

"Better."

"What a come-back the woman's got! They always say if you want to live a long time get a good chronic complaint and look after it."

"Nice if you can afford it."

"Why can't we dress in peace and take a taxi and meet them wherever we're going?"

She flung him a look. "With William's car there? Why should we? You'd think taxis were given away."

He was ripping off his clothes, dropping them on bed and floor. "I'd like a hot bath for a change."

"You won't get one. I've used all the chips. You can hardly ask Dad to go rooting round for more to-night."

With a grunt, Clive stepped across the passage to the bathroom. He was back shortly, still complaining angrily, "Of all the disastrous trips! Nobody thinking of anything but this confounded wedding. Margaretta's in no mood to listen to the sad story of our overdraft."

"And never will be again, I'm afraid. Everything from now on'll be for William and Susan."

It was just then that Hugo Freeman gave a knock at the door on the side verandah. No one answered, so he stepped inside. Passing the kitchen he saw old Phipps sitting at the table reading a paper.

A few moments later Veronica looked up and saw Hugo through the half-open bedroom door.

"Hullo, Hugo. Come in. If you can get in."

Hugo said what he had come for, gave them Susan's message.

Clive grunted, Veronica nodded. They talked on aimlessly.

Clive was ready at last. Standing behind Veronica he straightened his white tie, shrugged himself into his coat. He said, peering over her head: "Don't move, darling, I can see. And if I can't I'm sure you'll tell me if I'm not perfect."

"That's right, I'm your mirror."

"Aren't I lucky to have a wife, beautiful, loving, and with faultless taste? What do you think of that tie she brought me home last week?"

Hugo had stooped and picked off the floor a canary-colored and rust-red wool tie and was smothering out the creases.

Veronica lifted her eyes and looked across at Hugo. His answering glance, meeting hers, was long and full of meaning.

Still holding the tie, still ironing it with his plump fingers, he stepped across and laid it on the dressing-table carefully, as though placing an exhibit back in a showcase.

"A perfect choice," he said. "Couldn't have chosen better myself."

As he spoke, old Andrew Phipps pushed the door wider and stood in the doorway. "You off?" he said.

"Just leaving, Dad." Veronica stubbed her cigarette and got up, collected bag and wrap. "Don't expect us till all hours. We won't make a noise."

"You don't expect I'll be able to go to sleep till you come in, do you?" Veronica's and Clive's late hours were his main source of injury when they came to stay.

He looked at her now, and at his son-in-law, and at Hugo, as though he were waiting for them to be off. When he was alone he could spend hours pottering from room to room, closing or opening a shutter, feeding the cats, washing up his breakfast or teacups and saucers.

He asked Hugo: "Have you just come down the steps? How is she to-night?"

"Much better. Quite capable again, I think, of directing the affairs of nations."

"I'll go up presently and spend half an hour with her. After I've finished the paper and done a few things. She might like to see me."

Veronica gave a short laugh. "And she might not!"

Two or three times a week Andy would climb the steps after dinner and spend a couple of hours playing piquet with Margaretta, or cribbage or rummy or stop-patience.

Begun as a diversion because Margaretta's heart wouldn't let her go out much or do a lot of entertaining, these games had gradually developed into a war that was a good deal more damaging to her health than a round of dinner parties or fancy dress balls.

Bitterness grew. You had to win. If you didn't, your alertness of mind, your very intelligence was called in question.

Now, Andy hung in the doorway of Veronica's bedroom blinking his watery-blue eyes and rubbing his leathery chin. "Oh, I think I'll take a turn up," he said, "just to see how she is."

Indifferently, Veronica kissed him and went out and up the steps between Clive and Hugo.

. . . . . .

As Susan crossed the hall and opened Margaretta's door she felt like someone going towards an interview more momentous than was shown on the face of it.

Margaretta was sitting right up now, scribbling in a notebook, but she put it down and looked up, brightly ready, at Susan in the doorway. "Hullo, darling, I thought it was you. Come in. Did you have a nice dinner?"

"Very."

"All their frocks ready?"

"Yes. Barbara had her last fitting this afternoon."

"Good."

Susan went down the room under Margaretta's quick, glancing eye. "How are you to-night, Margaretta? You certainly look a lot better."

"Oh, yes, I'm all right again. Don't talk about me. What are you wearing to-night?"

"My black taffeta, I thought."

Please turn to page 39

FOOD QUIZ ANSWERS

Answers to Food Quiz published on page 18: 1, cheese; 2, gherkin; 3, cochineal; 4, sago; 5, nutmeg; 6, gelatine; 7, Jerusalem artichoke; 8, raisins, 9, macaroni; 10, coffee.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS

...serve them Eggs!

— eggs are twice as rich in body-building protein as other foods!

— eggs contain all the known vitamins, except vitamin C!

— eggs contain every essential mineral, including blood-enriching iron!

Eggs are more than a food children enjoy ... they are also a valuable article of diet that provides them with vital food elements essential to sturdy growth and development. For example, eggs contain vitamins A, B_1, D, E, F, G, H, K_2 and B_{12} ... all of which are vital to health. In addition, the high protein and mineral content of eggs is in a form that is readily assimilated by the system. Further, the high iron content is especially suitable for the formation of haemoglobin ... the element that gives your children rosy cheeks ...

To prolong freshness store in a cool place.

Order Extra EGGS this week!

THIS ADVERTISEMENT AUTHORISED BY THE EGG PRODUCERS COUNCIL

CHEW YOUR WAY TO HEALTH
with the safe and gentle
PEPPERMINT FLAVOURED LAXATIVE

★ Quick-lax Aids Digestion
★ Quick-lax is Not a Purgative, Being Suitable for Young and Old
★ Strengthens Teeth and Gums

AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.
PHARMA PRODUCTS, BOX 1504V, BRISBANE.

ALL SELF-RAISING FLOUR
PREPARED WITH
AEROPHOS
THE FINEST RAISING INGREDIENT
RISES TO THE OCCASION — PERFECTLY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799817

Lovely while it's living...

Deadly when it's dead

The Pyrethrum flower was first cultivated in Dalmatia, then in Japan. To-day, Mortein's source of supply is British. The flowers come in their millions from Kenya, in British East Africa, to the laboratories of Mortein. The Kenya Pyrethrum flowers are more toxic to insects than those from any other source.

STORY OF THE PYRETHRUM FLOWER . . . THE FLOWER WHICH MAKES MORTEIN FATAL TO FLIES AND ALL INSECT PESTS, YET COMPLETELY HARMLESS TO HUMANS.

Alive, the daisy-like Pyrethrum flower is harmless to insects. In fact, whilst the flowers are growing, insecticides have to be used to protect the plants! But once the bloom is dead, once it has been dried—the makers of Mortein pulverise it and extract from it the only insecticidal element which can be counted upon to kill flies and mosquitoes instantly and utterly but which is still completely harmless to humans.

Ordinary D.D.T. Insect Sprays *"erratic and generally unsatisfactory"...*

PYRETHRUM FAR MORE IMPORTANT

"D.D.T. has provided erratic and generally unsatisfactory control of house-flies," states E. F. Knipling of the Bureau of Entomology, U.S. Department of Agriculture. "This is because of the resistance developed by house-flies." The report goes on to stress that Pyrethrum is, beyond all doubt, the most effective agent for the destruction of flies.

There is abundant and world-wide proof that each succeeding generation of flies is becoming increasingly resistant to D.D.T. In this connection, it is significant that most modern insecticides in America to-day contain either a minimum of D.D.T. or none at all. The emphasis is upon Pyrethrum.

These facts merely confirm the importance of using Mortein in preference to ordinary D.D.T. preparations. Mortein does, of course, contain a high percentage of D.D.T. . . . but in addition it is impregnated with the certain killer—Pyrethrum. The combination of D.D.T. and Pyrethrum in Mortein gives it a double effectiveness which no insect can escape. Mortein acts immediately . . . it knocks down instantly and brings certain death . . . even to pests immune to ordinary D.D.T. preparations.

The only safe way to buy an insecticide deadly to all insect pests is to insist on *MORTEIN.*

Mortein

CONTAINS **Pyrethrum**

(AS WELL AS D.D.T.)

THAT IS WHY MORTEIN IS AUSTRALIA'S MOST DEPENDABLE SPRAY FOR THE INSTANT KILLING OF FLIES, MOSQUITOES AND ALL INSECT PESTS

NO INSECT SPRAY IS COMPLETELY DEPENDABLE UNLESS ITS MAJOR INGREDIENT IS Pyrethrum

Copyright.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799818

INTERESTING PEOPLE

MISS DOROTHEA DOWLING

. . . dancing and poetry

PRETTY poet and dancer Dorothea Dowling, of Vaucluse, N.S.W., has won the Anzac Poem Competition against all-comers from the Commonwealth. Poem of two verses and a chorus will be set to music for Anzac Festival. Dorothea is author of three books of verse. Has been writing poetry since she was eight.

A keen ballet dancer, has passed membership examination of the Imperial Society of Dancing, London. Going overseas to study both ballet and poetry in Europe.

MR. HENRY DANTON

. . . bullets and the ballet

FORMER Army captain, noted British ballet dancer Henry Danton has come to Australia to appear in Melbourne National Theatre's Jubilee Festival ballet season in February. Trained at Sadler's Wells, forsook Army career after three years at Woolwich Military Academy to become professional dancer. Since war has been premier danseur with Ballet de Paris and Champs Elysees Ballet. Says subsidies must be paid to ballet and opera companies if they are to develop successfully in Australia.

MISS MOIRA KEAST

. . . busman's holiday

FORMER Melbourne advertising specialist Miss Moira Keast has been making brief home visit on vacation-business trip on behalf of British clients with Australian interests. Went to England two years ago, is now with Mash and Associates, public relations consultants, in London.

She got job by inserting advertisement in "The Times" as "Australian girl experienced advertising seeking interesting post." Is an old girl of St. Andrew's Girls' Grammar School, Mornington, Victoria.

Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 37

MARGARETTA said sweetly, "Oh, Susan, not black again. No, not to-night. Why not wear your ivory chiffon? It's so much more festive."

"Well . . . I don't mind. If you think so."

"Yes, do. You look wonderful in that. Be sure and bring Veronica in and let me see you both before you go."

So that she could rearrange a flower, criticise a bracelet, suggest a different bag or wrap.

Susan nodded. "I will. Are you sure you feel well enough to be left to-night if Una goes to bed?"

"Perfectly. I shan't be alone, anyhow. Eddie's looking in to have a little supper after the theatre. I rang him before dinner. And Klinger's coming along soon to give me half an hour's massage. No one does me so much good as he."

Followed a summary of Klinger's career all over Europe, of the rulers, royal and otherwise, whom his magical powers had kept functioning.

Margaretta could never take up a new diet, a new witch doctor—and with what passion she could take up either!—but she had to harangue everyone around her into adopting them, too. And if they wouldn't—oh, what fools they were.

The cure at the moment, recommended by Klinger, was sour milk, the Bulgarian bacillus that made you live for ever. She drank a large glass of it every night before going to sleep.

Susan said, hesitatingly: "Margaretta, this reception here . . . I was thinking . . . it'll be such a strain for you . . . . crowds of people and so much to think of. Wouldn't it be better if . . ." She stopped.

"Wouldn't what be better?" Margaretta's narrow brown eyes pierced her.

"Well, I mean, wouldn't it be better if—if we had it somewhere else? Or even a little later. If we postponed it all for a while. Till you're really better."

"Postpone it!" Margaretta's voice rang out shrilly. "You must be mad, Susan. No, no. Postponements are so unlucky. Sweet of you, dear, to think of it, but I'm not going to let my miserable old hasbeen of a heart interfere with yours and William's happiness."

She added after a moment, "Anyhow, I won't have to turn a hand. The people who're doing the wedding see to everything. Every single thing. And Hugo's being a tower of strength."

"Oh, well . . ." Susan went towards the door. "I must go and change."

She had reached it when Margaretta spoke again: "Oh, Susan, by the way . . . I hope you won't mind, but there's something I want to say to you."

A sort of shiver went through Susan. Here it was! She hadn't been mistaken.

"It's about the young man opposite."

Susan stopped, her hand on the door handle. "The young man opposite?" she repeated, not turning her head. "What young man?"

"There's only one, isn't there? That young scientist. Adams, or whatever his name is."

"Oh. Yes . . . What about him?" She did turn now. What was her face showing? But the light was all around the bed; where she was standing was in shadow.

Margaretta's voice was flute-like with sweetness: "Well, darling, what I mean, I was just hoping that the poor young man hadn't gone and got himself attracted by you!"

"Attracted by me? What on earth could've given you that idea?" Susan heard her own voice rise a tone—a poor imitation of Margaretta's.

"I don't know. Just something. You know how it is."

"I'm afraid I don't."

"Don't you? Well, I imagined I noticed various little signs. He seems to be at home more, more on the stairs, on the landing. One feels more aware of him somehow. And I've seen him glance up at this balcony rather hopefully at times, coming in or going out."

Her two hands on the back of the chair by the bed, Susan looked down at the other helplessly. "Oh, no," she murmured: "Oh, no, you must be mistaken. I'm sure I've seen no signs of it."

"No, darling, you mightn't have. You're so used to men being bowled over by you that I don't suppose you'd notice some silly youth making eyes at you. I suppose you've spoken to him, haven't you?"

"Of course."

"On the stairs, going in and out, I suppose?"

"Yes. I meet him occasionally."

"Naturally. You can't fail to." She paused, then asked brightly: "Did I hear you below this morning offering him a lift to town?"

There was a moment's dangerous silence. Then Susan said, willing her voice to sound unconcerned: "Yes, you did."

"I thought so. I heard you go down the stairs together and then the car starting."

A rush of color ran up under Susan's pearly skin. She stood rigid for a moment. And then: "I don't think I like being questioned like this, Margaretta. Goodness knows I'm not touchy, but to be taken to task for saying good morning or good evening to someone! Really, I don't think I care for it."

Margaretta's face hardened; the black hair glinted, the eyes darted.

"As to that, Susan," she said, "since we're being frank—I don't think William would care for you making an arrangement with young Adams to drive him up to Kurrajong to-morrow."

To be continued

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

"MOTHERS KNOW BEST," say Scientists

Laboratory tests PROVE that Vegemite contains nearly three times as much Vitamin B_1 as other yeast or Vegetable extracts. And Vegemite contains no starch.

Mothers know that Vitamin B is absolutely essential in children's diets. So they give their families regular supplies of Vegemite. And recent Laboratory tests prove they are right.

Tests have shown Vegemite to be a rich source of Vitamin B_1, niacin and riboflavin.

Daily supplies of these elements are essential to children's healthy growth and development. Mothers know that children receiving Vegemite daily have better appetites, and clearer complexions, and gain weight steadily. Vegemite may be given from the age of 5 months.

Use Vegemite every day. Use it to enrich soups, stews and gravy; dissolve it in hot milk or water for a nourishing drink; make sure you put Vegemite in your kiddies' sandwiches and after-school snacks.

Vegemite is much more than a tasty, appetising food. It is a concentrated yeast extract and an invaluable source of the complete Vitamin B Complex. And Vegemite contains **no starch.**

Vegemite

RICHER — MORE ECONOMICAL

V011

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799819

CL.S.22

Cleo By Cladders

"DOUBLE LIFE" TUNIC

GIVES MONTHS OF EXTRA WEAR

A CLEO Tunic gives months of *extra* service in vigorous school-day wear. It's called the "double life" tunic because . . .

✔ It is reversible . . . cut the same back and front and can be worn either way.

✔ Liberal seams for enlargement.

✔ 3" wide slipped hems for easy lengthening.

✔ Smart full pleats and trim tailored lines.

✔ Light or heavy-weight all-wool serges. Navy, Brown, Black.

BEAUTIFULLY TAILORED

CLEO BLAZERS

Cleo Blazers, too, are made to retain their smart good looks. You may choose from a variety of different cloths, including the famous Doctor Flannel. Available in Navy, Black or Brown.

CLEO BLOUSES

Regulation style Blouses of English haircord featuring the very latest two-way collar — can be worn with or without a tie.

Fashion Right

CLEO SKIRTS FOR MOTHER AND BIG SISTER

Smartly tailored in tweeds, gabardines, worsteds and other fine quality cloths . . . they're styled for to-day's fashions.

AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

MANUFACTURERS: CLADDERS LIMITED, 449A PITT STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

NEW! . . . a cream deodorant

which safely STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.

ARRID THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

Operation Heartbreak

Continued from page 10

WILLIE'S admiration for Daisy increased rapidly and, being a simple soul, he found it difficult not to talk of what was occupying his thoughts. One evening before dinner, when the officers were smoking on the verandah and the conversation was about horses, he remarked: "That young Miss Summers knows an awful lot about racing, both out here and at home."

"I suppose she gets her information from Coper Caffin," said Captain Hamilton, and there was something in his tone that Willie didn't like.

"Why, is he a pal of hers?" he asked casually.

"They're inseparable," replied the other.

"Oh," said Willie, "I've never seen them together."

Caffin was a captain in the regiment which Daisy's father commanded. To Willie he seemed an old man. In fact, he was barely forty. Willie was respectful to his seniors, and grateful if they were kind to him, which Caffin had always been. He had an attractive Irish brogue, and a full share of all those charming qualities that make Irishmen popular. He was also a superb horseman.

Not only could he ride a horse, but he could sell one; and there were those who said that he was even more skilful, if somewhat unscrupulous, in the latter activity than in the former.

"Do you know Coper Caffin?" Willie asked Daisy the next time he met her.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "He's sweet, don't you think so?"

"Sweet" was not the adjective that Willie would have chosen. "He's not a bad chap," he said, and added with greater conviction, "He's jolly good on a horse."

"Yes, he rides beautifully, doesn't he?" she agreed.

Not long after this there was a dance to which Willie got permission from Daisy's mother to escort her, together with another young lady who was staying with them. The party was well planned, it was a beautiful evening, the heat was not excessive, and dancing went on until late.

When they at last decided to leave, the other young lady could not be found, and after a search which caused further delay they were informed that she had left earlier with somebody else. So they drove home together, Willie at the wheel and Daisy's pretty, tired head resting gently on his shoulder. When they reached the Colonel's bungalow they got out of the car and without a word fell into one another's arms.

There was a broad seat upon the verandah, on which they prolonged their embrace. Those were moments Willie never forgot. It was the first time that he had held the yielding body of a young girl in his arms and felt soft lips pressed passionately to his.

"I think I've been in love with you for a long time," he said, "but I never really knew it until this evening. When did you know you were in love with me? It seems so wonderful."

That she was in love with him he had no doubt, else she would not have kissed him.

"You are so very sweet," was her answer, and her arms stretched out to him again.

When next day they spoke he put another question.

"When shall we be married?"

Even in the dim light of very early dawn he could see she was surprised, but surely she would never have allowed him to kiss her so passionately unless she were prepared to marry him.

"Marry, marry, marry—oh, my sweet, it's very late at night to talk of marriage." She laughed. "How do you know that you'll feel the same in the morning?"

"It's to-morrow morning already," Willie said. "Look, the dawn is breaking. Could there be a better time of day to get engaged?"

Daisy was still looking surprised. She asked lightly, "But are you sure, Willie, that you really want to marry me? That you won't come to regret it? You haven't known me very long, and one always hears about boys who marry the colonel's daughter in India and spend the rest of their lives regretting it.

But as she asked the question she moved closer into his arms, thereby dissolving any doubts that he might have had. It was almost daylight when they separated, and they were engaged to be married.

FOR a very long time, Willie vividly remembered the interview he had with Colonel Summers on the following day.

He had been feeling nervous, and had vaguely wondered whether he should not stand at attention, as in the orderly-room, and apply in official terms for permission to marry the colonel's daughter. But he was immediately put at his ease when he arrived at the colonel's bungalow and was ushered into his presence.

"Help yourself to a glass of sherry, my dear fellow, and sit you down. Been hot all day, hasn't it? But there's a breeze this evening. Now tell me what I can do for you."

Haltingly Willie told his story, confessing that he had already put the question to the young lady, and excusing himself for not having first obtained her father's consent.

The colonel did not pretend to be surprised. He had known well enough that there could be but one subject on which Lieutenant Maryngton would ask for a private talk with him.

Please turn to page 41

My favorite poem

This is the favorite poem of Miss Yvonne M. Armstrong, of 60 Southey Street, Elwood, Victoria. Send us your favorite lines. They may be a complete poem or an excerpt.

Thou wouldst be loved? — then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love — a simple duty.

—"To Frances S. Osgood," by Edgar Allan Poe.

ANACIN STOPS 'FLU FASTER

because it's like a doctor's prescription

Anacin is just like a doctor's prescription for headaches, toothaches, neuralgia, colds, influenza, periodical pains, sciatica, lumbago and muscular aches and pains.

Like a doctor's prescription, Anacin Tablets and Powders contain not one, but a combination of four medically proven active ingredients. These ingredients combine to bring faster, longer lasting relief — whilst doing away with any undesirable after-effects. Whichever you prefer, Anacin Tablets or Anacin Powders — both stop pain faster. Get Anacin today and notice the difference.

Whichever you prefer

ANACIN POWDERS | ANACIN TABLETS

STOP PAIN FASTER

SOOTHES ITCHING HAEMORRHOIDS QUICKLY!

DOAN'S OINTMENT

Don't suffer the tormenting irritation of haemorrhoids. DOAN'S OINTMENT will quiet the itching QUICKLY, soothe and lubricate the tender tissues with special antiseptic ingredients and bring you welcome relief. Used successfully for over 40 years.

At Chemists & Stores all over the world.

Sole Proprietors: Foster-McClellan Co. Buffalo, New York. London, Sydney, 8GD/1

How to put savour into stew

The flavour of the Stew is assured when it is cooked *in the oven* in a hot-pot or casserole, or in a pressure cooker. It is advisable to heat quickly before reducing to low temperature setting . . .

Do you know the secret?

To bring out the *full* flavour of every stew add a little Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce. You need only one teaspoonful when cooking for four people or two teaspoonfuls if your family like it well seasoned. It's so much easier than using hard-to-find and expensive spices and seasonings and makes food so much tastier, too.

LEA & PERRINS

The original and genuine

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799820

Operation Heartbreak

Continued from page 40

THE colonel made no pretence at hesitation either. His wife had already given him all the information which a prudent father might demand of a prospective son-in-law.

"Well, my dear boy," he said, "I'll tell you frankly that, although I don't know you very well, you seem to be just the sort of young fellow whom I'd like my daughter to marry. You have my consent and my blessing, and I hope she'll make you a good wife. Let us shake hands on it, Willie."

They shook hands, finished their sherry, and went to join Mrs. Summers and Daisy.

That was a great evening for Willie. By dinner time the news was all over the station, and the little bungalow which he shared with a brother officer was crowded with friends dropping in to drink his health.

Willie was not sure afterwards whether he or Daisy had let out the news. They agreed between them that it must have been her father.

. . . . . .

On the months that followed Willie's recollection was faint and hazy. He was very happy, and the days slipped quickly by. He wrote his good news to Mrs. Osborne and asked her to tell the others whose addresses he no longer knew, and he also wrote to Felicity to tell her he was going to marry one of her school friends.

Mrs. Osborne sent him her congratulations, together with much family news, and a silver flask that had belonged to her husband. He received no reply from Felicity.

It was only when he looked back upon it all afterwards that he understood there had been something missing between him and Daisy. They danced together, and rode together, and talked about dances and horses. But despite this companionship, Willie saw afterwards that they came no closer together.

Of all the conversations that they had at this period he remembered only one distinctly. It took place when he had accompanied her home from a party.

"Willie," she said, "I am very fond of you. I want you to believe that, and I want you to promise me something."

"Of course you're fond of me, or you wouldn't be marrying me, and of course I'll promise you anything in the world," he said lightly, pressing forward to kiss her. But she still held him back.

"No, this is something serious. I want you to promise me, because I know that if you make a promise you will keep it always."

"Fire away," he said.

"I want you to promise that whatever I do you will always forgive me, and will believe that even if I hurt you I was sad to do it."

"Of course," he answered, "and you must promise me, too. I'm sure I'll be a rotten husband."

"No," she persisted. "You have got to say 'I promise that I will always forgive you, Daisy, and that even if you hurt me, I will believe that you were sad to do it.' "

Solemnly he said the words, she repeating them under her breath, her hands still resting on his shoulders. When he had finished she drew him close to her and held him in a long embrace.

A few days later she ran away with Coper Caffin.

. . . . . .

The elopement gave military circles in India something to talk about for many days. Willie was at first more astonished than hurt. He felt vaguely sorry for Daisy, and he felt very sorry for her father, after he had seen him.

Their interview was one that he remembered. The Colonel, who had sent for him, was standing when he came into the room.

"Mr. Maryngton," he began almost sternly, "I have to apologise to you for the behaviour of my daughter and an officer under my command. It is a hard thing for a man to feel ashamed both of his family and of his regiment."

"Oh, sir," interrupted Willie, who was moved by the older man's suffering, and who remembered the promise that he had made, "don't blame Daisy. She may have behaved foolishly, even wrongly, but I've forgiven her, for I know she's a good girl at heart. Captain Caffin's a rotter, but there are rotters in every regiment, and everyone knows that yours is one of the best in the Indian Army."

"Maryngton," said the Colonel, "you're a good fellow. I wish you'd married her. I fear you were too good for her." He blew his nose noisily. "Sit down for a minute and let's have a talk."

Willie sat down, feeling curiously at ease despite the other's embarrassment.

"I can't blame Daisy," he went on, "for not marrying me if she didn't want to. In fact, I think she was perfectly right. It must be wrong to marry someone you don't love. But what I can't understand is why she didn't tell me all about it. I should, of course, have agreed to call the engagement off. Then—after an interval, of course — she could have got engaged to Caffin."

"My poor boy!" groaned the Colonel. "You don't understand the matter at all, nor all the wickedness of it. Caffin is married."

Willie was horrified. "Do you mean to say they are going to live together without being married?"

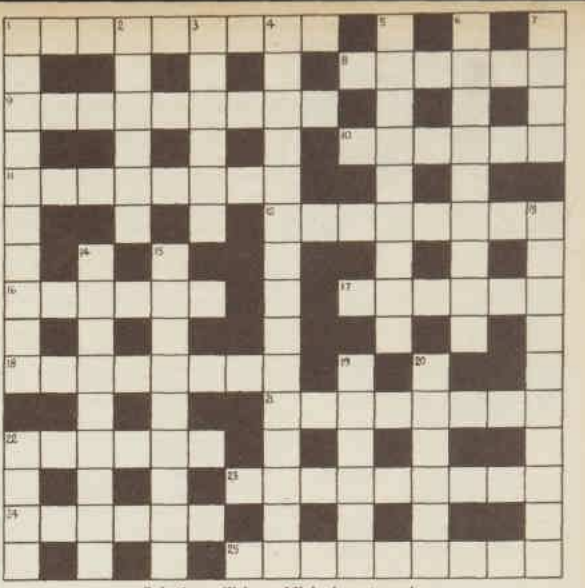
The Colonel nodded.

"What a swine the fellow must be!" Willie exclaimed. "I bet Daisy never knew he was married."

But the Colonel could not allow him even this cold comfort. "Her mother tells me," he said, "that she knew perfectly well."

Please turn to page 42

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Smart give (Anagr. 9)
8. European country. (6)
9. Bury the holy man consumed with no will. (9)
10. Organ which is ill tempered when vented. (6)
11. Company of workmen about French negation becomes affected with mortification. (8)
12. Phnie a creeper for skin-disease. (8)
16. Clinging flower with small room is a load. (6)
17. Guinea but if with age, instead the sign of plural. It's the cheapest place for passengers. (6)
18. Close body and soul in punt bout. (6, 2)
21. Fiery part of a car where you can see I nog in it. (8)
22. Managed Ruy Diaz smelling like stale fat. (6)
23. Iced Nigel restored to persistent effort. (9)
24. One hundred, he subject to friction an angelic being. (6)
25. Aimsy as Mo! Useless to shake it, there will be no name. (9)

DOWN

1. What-d'you-call it? I forgot it. (15)
2. Vigor. (6)
3. Decompose X decomposed. (6)
4. Protein into foam. (Anagram (but not a fact) 6, 2, 7)
5. Support a means of entrance to disseminate. (9)
6. Deer-like animals the front of which is used in poker and the back runs with long bounding stride. (9)
7. The French article is meagre. (4)
13. Envoys the beginning of which is muddle. (10)
14. Both the son and grandson of James II. (9)
15. Sweet-sounding mouse idol in good order. (9)
19. Be is red without being a Communist. (6)
20. Running water composed of a holy one and 500 sheets of paper. (6)
22. Grain with a frozen ending. (4)

Solution to last week's crossword.

P	L	A	Y	W	I	T	H	F	I	R	E	S
A		D		I		A		E		A	N	T
R		H		N	O	B	O	D	Y		S	R
S	P	E	N	T		O		E		M	E	R	I	T
I		R		R	A	R	E	R		I		D
F	I	E	R	Y				A	G	N	O	M	E	N
A		N		S	T	E	E	L		C		S
L		T		C						E		I		E
	D			E		H	A	R	E	M		N		X
D	E	F	E	N	C	E				A	S	C	O	T
	A			E		C	A	R	A	T		H		O
P	L	O	T	S		T		O		T	R	O	L	L
	E		E		G	A	L	O	R	E		A		L
P	R	O	S			R		S		R		T		E
	S		T	A	K	E	I	T	A	S	R	E	A	D

Solution will be published next week.

"In Western Australia I saw THREE TREASURED HEIRLOOM GOWNS trusted only to Velvet's gentle care!"

says Aunt Jenny

Three christening robes — and all so different! Eyelet embroidery — delicate handwork — fine insertion lace . . . each a tricky laundry problem. These proud owners *all* say Velvet Soap is the best way to preserve such fragile work.

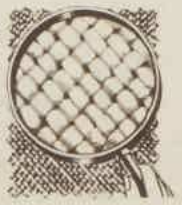
Exquisitely hand embroidered, this gown belongs to Mrs. W. G. King of 80 Terrace Road, Guildford, W.A. "It's over 100 years old and my most treasured possession. So you can understand, Aunt Jenny, why I use only Velvet Soap. It keeps it perfect."

"The fine insertion lace work in my robe is often admired," says its owner Mrs. F. Watson, 85 Swansea Street, Victoria Park, W.A. "25 babies have worn it, and in all its 60 years it's never been washed with anything except Velvet!"

Mrs. F. Dymond, 154 Morrison Road, Midland Junction, W.A., proudly displays her 83 year old eyelet embroidered gown. "I can't speak highly enough of Velvet. I've never used anything else, and my gown is still good — without a break in the work!"

Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands—so gentle to your clothes. Here's why clothes last longer

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with skimpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP — seen under a magnifying glass — stay strong as new wash after wash because no hard rubbing is needed — yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soapy suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes, too!

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING 10 A.M. MON. TO THURS. "Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories"

V.181.WW65g

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799822

A NATURALLY LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN

REGULAR HABITS ARE A BEAUTY "MUST"

A clear, radiant complexion comes from within . . . and can't be rubbed on or patted in from without. That's why every woman should sprinkle two spoonfuls of SAN-BRAN on her usual morning cereal. Deliciously flavoured and delicately nutted these crisp bran flakes require no preparation yet provide the stomach with just the right amount of gentle-acting bulk to match its function naturally. SAN-BRAN is also rich in essential mineral salts that are invaluable for the blood. Obtainable from all grocers.

SAN-BRAN

The gentle-acting laxative cereal.

MB7

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR EASILY REMOVED AT HOME

Hundreds of women are overjoyed at the easy way the famous Swedish Wax Pencils remove unsightly hairs, without discomfort, leaving the skin clean, velvety, baby-smooth, and lovely. Successfully removes stubborn hairs in a few seconds. The hair comes right OUT—not merely off—from face, arms, legs and back of neck. Superior to all known methods. No stubby regrowth, no "shaved off" look. Pure, safe, natural ingredients—no smelly chemicals. Positively non-irritating. Sold on Money-back Guarantee for only 12/6 post free. Sent under plain wrapper. Send Postal Note today to—

SOUTHERN GILBERT COY. PTY. LTD. DEPT. A.

DE MESTRE PLACE SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Quick way to relieve "SLUGGISH" LIVER restore REGULAR HABITS!

When constipation, tired feeling, indigestion make life a misery, or when your mirror shows your complexion sallow and spotty—often "sluggish" liver is the cause.

Aid the correction of this faulty liver function by taking Chamberlain's Tablets for a while. They help stimulate the flow of liver bile to the intestines, establish regularity and aid in restoring a sound digestion and in clearing the skin.

Prove this for yourself by taking Chamberlain's tonight—non habit-forming, not harsh—just pleasant, natural relief.

Chamberlain's

TONIGHT WILL PUT YOU RIGHT

Sold Everywhere—1/6; Family Size, 2/-

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

CT1.51.50

Operation Heartbreak

Continued from page 41

IT took Willie a long time then to get over the shock. Often he had to remind himself of the promise that he had made to Daisy. Sometimes he felt that she had obtained it under false pretences. She must have known then what she was meaning to do.

Willie felt that he must inform Mrs. Osborne of his misfortune and return the flask she had sent him as a wedding present. It was a difficult letter to write. He wrestled with his task for many days and nights, but when at last he had completed it, he felt a great relief, and in retrospect he always believed that the writing of this letter had helped him to understand his own feelings and to bear his sorrow.

Too easily had he at first accepted the conventional opinion that a young man who has been jilted must be broken-hearted.

He succeeded in telling Mrs. Osborne very simply that he was not broken-hearted, but that he was disappointed and unhappy; that he did not feel that he had had a lucky escape, but that he doubted whether his marriage to Daisy would have been a success.

All this he succeeded in setting down in the letter which he eventually sent to Mrs. Osborne, but it took him a long time to do and, almost before the letter was despatched, he received one from England in a handwriting that was unknown to him.

Dearest Willie,

I'm so glad you didn't marry Daisy Summers. She was not the girl for you. I never liked her.

Best love,

Felicity.

Willie had not seen Felicity since she was a child, and he found it hard to believe that she was now the same age as, or perhaps a little older than, Daisy. The latter had always spoken of her as though they were great friends. This letter seemed hardly to confirm it.

Willie had accumulated a good deal of leave by now. Curiosity aroused by this letter, the desire to see some of his foster-family again, and the growing sensation of loneliness almost decided him to spend his leave in England, but the prospect of an extensive big-game shooting expedition, including invitations from ruling princes, proved more attractive.

When he returned to his regiment three months later he found a letter from Horry, informing him that his mother was dead. He also received news that the regiment was to proceed to Egypt.

It was while he was in Egypt that Willie completed his thirtieth year, and was promoted to the rank of captain. Neither event gave him much satisfaction. To him thirty meant middle-age, and although he was pleased to be promoted, he knew that in other regiments there were still to be found subalterns who had taken part in the fighting.

When the time came for Willie to return to England he had an exaggerated idea in his own mind of the length of time he had been away. He felt that he had left as a boy and that he was coming back as an old man, so it was a welcome surprise to him to be greeted by numerous old friends.

His first act, after lunching at his club, was to try and find out where Horry was acting and, with the help of the hall-porter, he was at last successful. He bought a ticket and went there alone. The play proved to be an excellent comedy, and Willie, who had seen nothing of the sort for so long, thoroughly enjoyed it.

It seemed to him that Horry, who had a good part, acted wonderfully.

Willie had sent him a message saying that he would await him at the stage-door and inviting him to supper. Horry, as gay and enthusiastic as ever, was obviously delighted to see Willie.

"It couldn't be more fortunate," he exclaimed. "I promised to meet Felicity after the show; we shall find her at Rules, and you'll be able to swallow the majority of the family at one gulp. It's a pity Garnet's not here. He was home last year on leave, but he's gone back to the Far East, and I don't know when we shall see him again. Rules is quite close—we can walk there."

When they entered the restaurant a tall dark girl got up from a table and came towards them. She looked from Horry to his companion at first with curiosity and then with almost instant recognition.

"It's Willie," she said, and taking his hand kissed him on the cheek, so gracefully and so naturally that he felt no embarrassment, but a thrill of happiness.

"How clever of you to recognise me," he said.

"You haven't changed a bit," she answered.

"Well, you certainly have," he told her. "You were a little girl with a pigtail when I saw you last. And then you were always away at school. I don't think I saw you at all during the last five or six years I was in England."

There followed, while they gave their orders, a discussion as to when exactly he had seen her last and how old she was at the time, and whether she had ever had a pigtail. Like all historical facts, these were curiously hard to establish, and Horry entered into the argument, holding strongly a view which differed from those of both the others.

"Anyhow," said Felicity, getting bored with the discussion, "all that matters is that I was a little child then and now I'm a grown-up woman—and you were a young man then and you're a young man still."

"How long does one remain a young man?" asked Willie.

"Until about sixty in my profession," said Horry, "and then they're middle-aged for an indefinite period until they suddenly turn into grand old men."

Felicity laughed. "I wish the girls could do the same."

"They try to," said Horry, and then an argument started about the ages of actresses, into which Willie could not enter, so he took the opportunity to study Felicity.

She seemed to him more beautiful than anyone he had ever seen. Her large, dark eyes, her short, curling hair, the grace of her gestures, the animation of her conversation, and the simplicity of her manner, the complete lack of any coquetry or apparent eagerness to please—all that she was made an impression upon him that he found difficult to understand.

For a moment he wondered whether he was drunk. It was not till afterwards, when he was alone, that he knew he had fallen in love for the first time in his life.

. . . . . .

In spite of many efforts, Willie failed to see Felicity again before he left London. He heard that she had gone to Brighton, and he was obliged to join his regiment in a remote part of the country.

On the next occasion that he came to London she was still away, but he saw as much as he could of Horry, and turned the conversation in her direction as often as possible.

He found Horry surprisingly unhelpful. He was, like many in his profession, extremely self-centred.

"She's got lots of friends, and she always seems perfectly happy," he told Willie vaguely.

Please turn to page 52

MEET MR. INIGO JONES

INIGO JONES, famous long-range weather forecaster, is wrong—officially. The Government weather men, struggling with their millibars and anticyclones, turn a cold front on his theories. So do some Ministers. They treat the weather as purely an official matter.

But eight out of ten times Mr. Jones is right when it comes to predicting how the climate is going to behave next week—or next year. Didn't he say 1950 would be a record wet year?

He bases his forecasts on a theory that the weather repeats itself in cycles which are produced by the magnetic influences of the planets. These he studies closely at his observatory in Queensland.

Though everyone has heard of Inigo Jones the forecaster, few have met Inigo Jones the 78-year-old farmer-scientist and artist. You can meet him in A.M. for January, now on sale.

THE FAMILY SCRAPBOOK

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

MAKE fun out of facing the dark.

AT one time or another most children are afraid of the dark. Whether they overcome this fear depends a good deal on how grown-ups meet the problem.

Making fun of them, forcing them to go into dark places, or shaming them are commonly used attempts, but they aren't very good ones. At best, the youngster is likely to hide the fact that he's still afraid. At worst, his fear increases.

A positive attack is the one that should be used. For instance, plan on accompanying the frightened child on a twilight trip; encourage him to watch the birds "turn in" for the night; have a competition as to who can find the first star.

The central idea is to substitute fun for fear as far as darkness is concerned. A few evenings of the sort mentioned will usually do the trick. But if there are still signs of fear, one must not be impatient.

guard against

Holiday Eyes

Long hours in the summer sun play havoc with delicate eye membranes. But you can quickly remove the strain of "holiday eyes" by using Dr. Newell's Eye Drops. Two drops in each eye bring rapid relief and restore the clear natural sparkle.

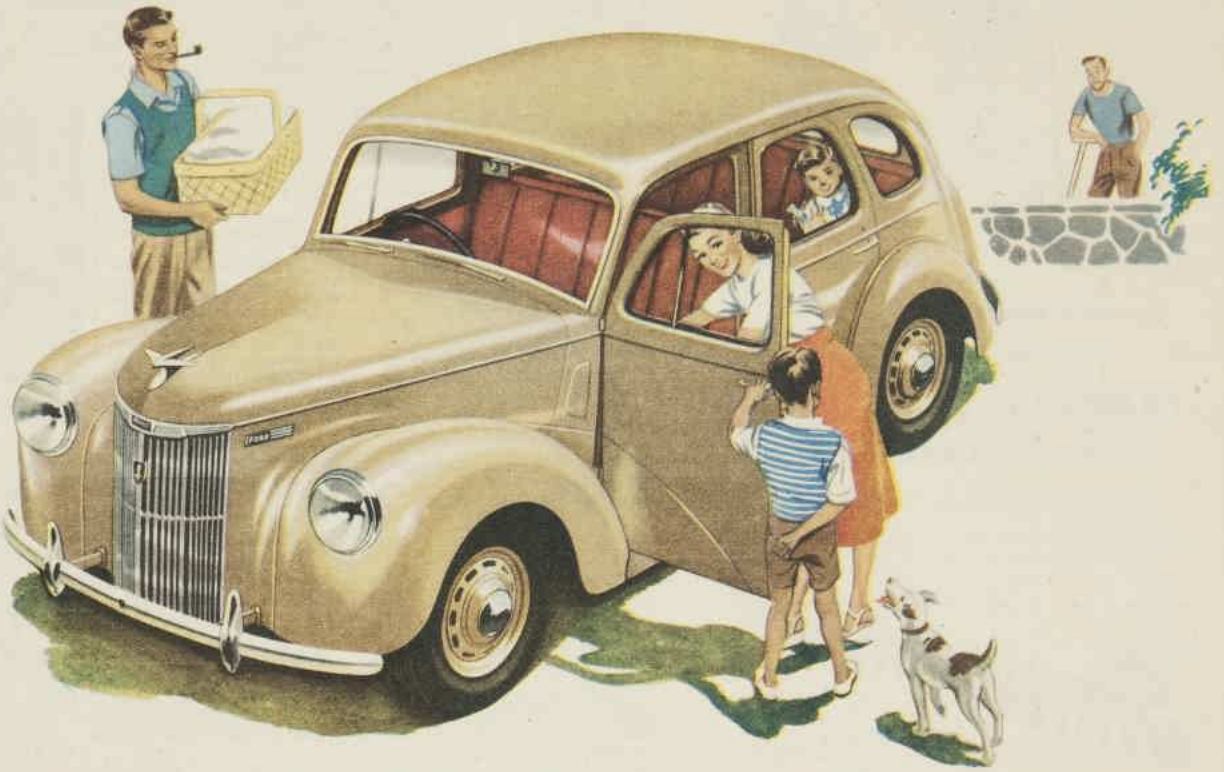
SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS 3/6 Per bottle, complete with eye dropper

Dr Newell's EYE DROPS

This product is endorsed by the Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799827

Own a Prefect 10 – and you open a new door to happiness



Australia's lowest-priced 10 h.p. 4-door Sedan has all the motoring features that matter!

It is not price alone that makes Prefect so popular as a family car. It is more a matter of the many good things that Prefect's price buys. Styling with a smartness that will keep its appeal through the years. A host of quality appointments from genuine hide upholstery and opening windscreen to the clock in the smart instrument panel. Sparkling performance, smooth and completely dependable because of the famous Ford 10 h.p. engine and Ford engineering. Safety, too—through big internal expanding 4-wheel brakes, and ease of control in everything from easy-change synchro-mesh gears to clear road vision. There's all this and more in the story of Prefect's value for money. Your Ford Dealer will be happy to tell it to you in full!

So easy for wives to drive Prefect's absolute dependability, easy control and sturdiness make it an ideal car for husband-wife driving. Parking, kerbside or anywhere, is so easy that the tiniest woman can handle Prefect with ease.

So smart for husbands to use in their businesses Prefect has that look of smartness and brisk efficiency that helps any man make a good impression upon his clients. And in business, as in family use, Prefect's low running costs and the availability everywhere of specialised service and low-priced genuine spare parts are factors to consider.

So dependable for family fun and happiness Going places, seeing new sights, enjoying life—happy the family that owns a Prefect. Dependable in its power, comfortable in its springing and stable on any kind of road Prefect takes you anywhere in fine style and at little cost.

Ford Prefect

FP56-CP

See your local Ford Dealer. He is part of a nation-wide organisation giving owners of Ford vehicles service wherever they go.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

(Inc. in Vic.) Registered Office: GEELONG, VICTORIA

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799828

. . . created to keep you

cool and elegant all through the day

YARDLEY

English **LAVENDER**

and 'the luxury soap of the world'

YARDLEY · LONDON NEW YORK PARIS SYDNEY

1 OUTLAW Rhiannon (Vaughn Munroe), notorious in the West because he has a price on his head and a million dollars in hidden stolen gold, is held at gunpoint by Sheriff Jim Caradac (Ward Bond).

2 WOUNDED in ensuing scuffle, Jim is taken to Dr. Mark (Walter Brennan) by Rhiannon, and his life saved. Dr. Mark decides to give gunman a chance.

SINGING GUNS

3 RHIANNON is transformed by shave and new clothes. Jim takes him for a stranger, appoints him deputy sheriff.

THIS Western film introduces crooner-bandleader Vaughn Munroe in his first screen role.

As a Robin-Hoodish outlaw who is handy with a gun but is honest at heart Munroe seems to have come a long way from the microphone. But in fact this casting was suggested by his association with "Mule Train," a hit number with a Western flavor.

A Republic film released by 20th Century-Fox.

4 STAGECOACH carrying gold shipment is Rhiannon's real motive for accepting post. He intends to make off with loot.

5 LOVELY Nan Morgan (Ella Raines), who was once in coach Rhiannon robbed, recognises him as the outlaw. Though attracted to him she wants reward, so tells Sheriff. Dr. Mark pleads with Jim for Rhiannon.

6 GAOLED on technicality by Jim, Rhiannon faces lynching threat. Jim offers to let him escape. Rhiannon welcomes the chance.

7 LEAVING the gaol with official permission Rhiannon meets Nan who insists upon going with him to where the million dollar cache is hidden. They return the money to the Governor.

8 HAPPY and in love, Rhiannon and Nan look ahead to a straightforward life together now that the return of the money frees Rhiannon from consequences of his act.

★ LEAVES NO LIP-PRINTS
★ LIQUID
lip-glo
ATOMIC RED . . . TO-DAY'S COLOUR
★ LIQUID
lip-glo
COLOURLESS—USE OVER LIPSTICK
★ LIQUID
lip-glo
● ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
PHILIP DARE COSMETICS BOX 442 G.P.O. ADELAIDE

WAKE UP ALIVE TOMORROW— NOT HALF-DEAD!

If your body is racked by irregularity—or deadened by dosing—follow this tested treatment which was proved to work with most people like yourself.

Start drinking 8 glasses of water each day. Set a time for regularity. Then, for one week take 2 mild, gentle Carter's Pills each night. Second week, only one each night. Third week, one every other night.

Then take nothing, because after Carter's Pills have "unblocked" your digestive tract this way—it should then make use of its normal powers of regularity.

Only if worry, wrong diet or nervous tension makes you temporarily irregular will you need Carter's Pills again. Then you can take them temporarily with complete confidence because they contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills today.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799829

Did you PROTEX yourself this morning?

I ENJOY THE CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG

PROTEX IS MY CHOICE AS A DEODORANT COMPLEXION SOAP

BOY—PROTEX MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD

Stay as fresh as a breeze with Protex, the deodorant Complexion Soap with the clean bushland fragrance. Protex is medicated to guard against offending, and infection.

F32/140

THE CAREER of the American racehorse Sea Biscuit is the basis of the film "Pride of Kentucky," in which Barry Fitzgerald, Shirley Temple, and Lon McCallister are appearing at the Regent Theatre.

TALKING OF FILMS

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

★★ *Ticket to Tomahawk*

A ROWDY, tongue-in-cheek comedy, "Ticket to Tomahawk," which 20th Century-Fox has filmed in rather garish technicolor, is the sort of film in which you automatically expect Dan Dailey to star.

He is amiable and likeable as Johnny, a travelling tenderfoot, who is introduced as the unwilling first passenger on the first train to the western town of Tomahawk.

It seems that the owners of the rail concession have to make the run within a time limit, and carrying at least one paying passenger, in order to fulfil their contract. Their opposition, the stage-coach company, is out to throw a spanner in the works.

A motley company of trainmen, villains, Indians, and show-people eventually accompanies the train on the eventful run, with the party under the protection of Deputy Marshal Kit Dodge (Anne Baxter), a pretty peace officer with the reputation of being able to draw faster, shoot straighter, and spit farther than any man in the territory.

Misadventures come thick and fast, and the goings-on are fantastic, but never tedious.

Walter Brennan and Rory Calhoun head a large supporting cast.

In Brisbane—St. James.

★ *The Reformer and the Redhead*

AFTER a bright and promising beginning M.G.M.'s romantic comedy, starring husband-and-wife team Dick Powell and June Allyson, just scrapes home as mediocre.

The material from which the Norman Panama-Melvin Frank team have fashioned their entertainment is not exactly novel, but it is usually giddy enough to appeal to the cash customers.

June Allyson, as the fast-talking, uninhibited redhead daughter of zoo-keeper Cecil Kellaway, catches the attention of the town's reform candidate, Powell, who sets out to become mayor on a clean-up ticket.

Father Kellaway is threatened with the loss of his job, the reformer uncovers evidence of political significance, and, for a while, it looks as though he is to become a heel by using the information for his own advantage.

The redhead registers disapproval and in an animal-farce finale the reformer clinches romantic success, mayoral victory, and heroic status by telling the truth in his final campaign speech.

Two bright minor spots are filled by David ("Adam's Rib") Wayne as Powell's associate, and Marvin Kaplan as the myopic law clerk.

In Brisbane—Metro.

★ *The Eagle and the Hawk*

THIS Pine-Thomas production is a fair specimen of the contemporary Western, which, in spite of action, color, a name cast, and glossy production, fails to set the film world afire with enthusiasm.

A trifle involved as Westerns go, this one has John Payne and Dennis O'Keefe at loggerheads as rivals in the American Revolutionary War, but teamed as partners in a mission in Mexico.

Their target is to prove to Mexican General Liguras that the help he is receiving by way of finances and weapons of war is flowing from the French, rather than from Mexican patriot Juarez and his democratic supporters. The French, on their part, wish to strengthen their hold on Mexican territories.

Destroying the ammunition cache, and also putting paid to a plot to invade the State of Texas by one Danzeeger, a hissable character played by Fred Clark, involves more than a routine amount of gun and fist work, but the patriotic pair face up to every danger and setback with fortitude and stoicism.

Apart from Rhonda Fleming's ravishing looks and wardrobe, the film's main virtues are the joie de vivre displayed by Dennis O'Keefe and the virile ease which John Payne brings to the character of the less colorful Texan.

Character man Thomas Gomez plays the fiery Mexican general, and Roberto, the handsome young Mexican patriot, is Eduardo Noriega.

In Brisbane—Wintergarden.

THE pretty song-and-dance star Doris Day got no chance to relax after completing her "Lullaby of Broadway." She now has another top musical to make for Warners, "On Moonlight Bay," which rolls in technicolor this month. For the first time in several years Dennis Morgan will be seen in a musical when he co-stars with Miss Day in this one. Hollywood newcomer Lucille Norman also will make her screen debut under the directorial guidance of David Butler.

Buy Swift LUNCHEON BEEF as so many women do, and . . .

BUY top quality!

Swift Luncheon Beef is a top quality food. It serves so many from one can and there is absolutely no waste.

SERVE hot or cold!

Swift Luncheon Beef is the foundation of a fine salad . . . and can also be served hot in so many delicious ways. It does not break or crumble when coming from the can.

TASTE the difference!

A real beef flavour that makes every meal a success. Naturally . . . because Swift Luncheon Beef is made from only the most suitable meat.

SATISFY the whole family!

You can't fail . . . for Swift Luncheon Beef is first favourite food with everyone. It's so tasty, so savoury . . . they can't help asking for more.

Swift LUNCHEON BEEF

GROCER SAM SAYS: Swift FOOD PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799830

Fly via BCPA to ENGLAND for the Festival of Britain*

* Britain is on show for the world this year at the Festival of Britain — a great once-in-a-century national celebration.

BRITISH TRAVEL ASSOCIATION PHOTOGRAPH

and see AMERICA on your way . . .

STOPOVER ANYWHERE EN ROUTE

No Extra Fare!

- **It costs you no more** to fly the world's most glamorous route to England . . . via America and the Pacific with BCPA!
- You'll see colourful Hawaii, exotic Fiji. You'll visit fabulous cities such as New York, San Francisco, or if you wish, Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal, Vancouver.
- For no extra fare you may break your journey at any route points in the Pacific, U.S.A. or Canada. Crossing America you have the choice of dozens of different air routes, enabling you to plan your itinerary to take in the cities you really want to see.
- If speed is an essential of your journey, you can arrive in London in only 3½ days—**the fastest service available.**
- **No dollar problems for through passengers**—BCPA provides a special dollar allowance for meals and accommodation.
- All fares, including any additional overseas travel you may require, are payable in Australian currency.
- It's luxury travel all the way in the world's finest, fastest airliners — including BCPA's magnificent sleeper-equipped DC-6's which speed you to San Francisco in only 29 flying hours!

BCPA

Information and bookings from your local travel agent or any airline booking office. General Agents: Trans-Australia Airlines. BCPA Head Office: 53 Martin Place, Sydney. Telephone BW 2741.

British Commonwealth Pacific Airlines Ltd.

SYDNEY • FIJI • CANTON ISLAND • HONOLULU • SAN FRANCISCO • VANCOUVER. WITH IMMEDIATE CONNECTIONS TO U.K. VIA U.S.A. OR CANADA

BCA.60.FP

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799831

Enjoy DAILY Regularity

and build yourself UP — without medicines

Mrs. B. Perry, of 6 Woniora Av., Wahroonga, N.S.W. writes: "I suffered from constipation for years, and tried all kinds of medicines. To-day I rely on All-Bran alone, and feel a new person."

Your health depends on what you eat — every day. Today's soft, over-cooked foods often lack the vital bulk your system needs for regular elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies the smooth-acting bulk which helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle and natural elimination . . . *no medicines needed.*

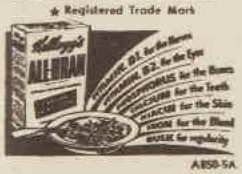
Health Food

Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you more protective food elements than whole wheat itself. Kellogg's All-Bran is actually richer in iron than spinach — and it is a natural source of Vitamins B1 for the nerves, B2 for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones and Niacin for the skin. Kellogg's All-Bran not only relieves constipation, but builds you up day by day at the same time. At all grocers.

Kellogg's

ALL-BRAN★

★ Registered Trade Mark



ABSO-5A

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"EILEEN"—Sun-dress. A useful, smart, and cool-looking frock, featuring buttoned shoulder-straps to bodice and a flared skirt. The material is check gingham in navy and white and green and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 51/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 53/9. Postage, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 38/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/9. Postage, 2/6 extra.

"LEE"—Tennis frock. Smart one-piece tennis frock is styled for active sport. The dress is obtainable in white anglosheene and white seersucker.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 52/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 54/11. Postage, 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 38/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage, 2/- extra.

● *NOTE: No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks costing more than 6/11 are sent by registered post. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 55.*

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 746.—NIGHTGOWN

Full skirt and lace trimming make this gown prettiest. It is cut out ready to make in white, salmon, nil, pink, and sky rayon crepe-de-chine. Lace is not supplied. Prices: Bust 32-34in., 32/3; 36-38in., 34/9. Postage, 1/11.

No. 747.—SLAYSUIT

Brassiere top and well-cut shorts make this smart play outfit, cut out ready to make in floral seersucker, in navy and red, saxe-blue and pale blue, on white grounds. Prices: Bust 32-34in., 16/6; 36-38in., 17/9. Postage, 1/3.

No. 748.—FROCK

The prettiest style for the tiny tot, with tie waist and frilled pockets, is cut out ready to make in floral haircord in pastel tonings of lemon, pink, blue, and rose, on white grounds. Prices: 2yrs., 18in., 12/6; postage, 1/3. 3-4yrs., 20in., 14/9; postage, 1/6. 5-6yrs., 23in., 15/11; postage, 1/9. 7-8yrs., 27in., 18/3; postage, 1/11.

No. 749.—APRON

An apron with a delightfully frilled trim and a tie waist is cut out ready to make in plain voile, in lemon, pink, and green pastel tonings. Price, 6/9; postage, 8d.

No. 750.—TABLE CENTRE

Traced ready to embroider yourself in sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, green, or in heavy cream linen or British cotton in saxe-blue, green, natural, and pink. Size 11in. x 17in. Lace to finish not supplied. Prices: Linen, 6/11; cotton, 4/3. Postage, 7½d.

● *Send your orders for Fashion Frocks and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at address given for your State on page 55.*

Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

WHEN THE HEAT'S GOT YOU BEAT

REVITALISE WITH RADOX

Beautiful women in the public eye—stage and screen personalities, social beauties — ***revitalise with oxygen-charged Radox baths.*** When summer heat saps your energy, you too can relax weary muscles the same way. Radox gives ordinary tap water the revitalising properties of a mineral spring spa. Be refreshed, vital, ready to go—***revitalise with Radox!***

RA.6 16

When Feet Ache a Radox foot-bath removes stale perspiration acids — your feet feel like new again.

***RADOX**

Medicinal Bath Salts

3/6 packet from Chemists.

Start Radox to-day — feel revitalised to-morrow

Here's what hungry youngsters like!

Yes sir! Children love the smooth creamy richness of SANITARIUM PEANUT BUTTER . . . love its freshly-roasted flavour . . . love its satisfying goodness! And you'll love this better peanut butter, too, because it makes it so easy to prepare school, picnic and party sandwiches . . . because it provides **so much nourishment with so little trouble**. Ask for this fresher, more flavourful spread **today!**

SANITARIUM

Peanut Butter*

** known as Peanut Paste in some States.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799832

"BIG"

– that's the only word for this delicious, nourishing breakfast of

BIGGER FLAKES... BETTER FLAVOUR... BIGGER VALUE!

Here's a BIG, delicious breakfast — one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fresh fruit and bread and butter. There's one third of your daily food needs! BIG — yet light and energizing!

Only 30 seconds to serve . . . no greasy washing up . . . no messy pots and pans. So serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes to all your family. Remember to always say "Kellogg's" before you say "Corn Flakes" — because nothing else can equal them for flavour, energy value or freshness.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Kellogg's

MOTHER KNOWS BEST!

Compare the cost with a heavy breakfast

It isn't necessary to quote prices . . . you know what you have to pay for eggs, bacon, tomatoes, fish, lamb's fry (etc.) these days! One serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes is but a fraction of that cost. What's more, one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar is equal in energy value to three eggs, two big helpings of lamb's fry or three fish!

* Food experts say . . .

"One plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar, plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you one-third of your daily food needs."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799833

Jellied salads

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

LOBSTER meat and shelled prawns (above) mixed with tartare sauce and celery give a delicious flavor to this moulded salad. To make tartare sauce, add 1 dessertspoon each vinegar and lemon juice, 1 teaspoon each sugar, chopped parsley, and gherkins to ½ cup mayonnaise.

●

HOME-COOKED or tinned asparagus and diced, cooked tongue (left) are main ingredients in this jellied mould served with colorful salad and extra sliced tongue. Small quantity of jellied tomato juice set in bottom of mould adds color.

●

WHIPPED CREAM or ice-cream pairs well with the smooth, apricot-flavored sweet shown below. Fresh fruit and green leaves make attractive garnishings.

Colorful savory moulds head the list of cool, refreshing dishes for summer meals featured this week. Smooth, creamy sweets to pair with them are flavored with summer fruits, and served with ice-cream.

REMEMBER when adding gelatine to sweet or savory mixtures for jellied salads or desserts it is essential that it be thoroughly dissolved.

It is a good idea to soften the gelatine with some of the cold liquid before heating over boiling water until dissolved.

If the recipe includes custard or milk, it must be allowed to cool before gelatine is added, to prevent curdling.

Recipes given here were set in a refrigerator. If setting in ice-chest or cool safe, it is advisable to use a little more gelatine than the quantity given in the recipe.

Remember, all spoon measurements are level.

TONGUE AND ASPARAGUS MOULD

Half cup tomato juice, 1½ cups meat or vegetable stock, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, green colouring, 1 radish, 1 dozen sticks cooked asparagus, ¾ cup mayonnaise, 1½ cups diced cooked tongue, salt, pepper, ½ cup diced cooked celery, 1 dessertspoon diced parboiled red pepper (may be omitted), ½ teaspoon mixed mustard, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, sliced tongue, tomato slices, radish roses, lettuce, cream cheese, parsley.

Soften 1 teaspoon of the gelatine in the tomato juice, dissolve over boiling water. Season with salt and pepper, pour into wetted mould, allow to set. Heat stock, pour over parsley; stand 10 minutes, strain and heat. Add 1½ dessertspoons of the gelatine, stir until dissolved, color pale green. Arrange sliced radish and asparagus sticks around sides of mould, cover with seasoned stock and allow to set by resting side of mould in crushed ice. This mould must be arranged and set in sections.

Continued on page 50

IT'S EASY to get good results in your baking of Scones, Cakes and Pastries with AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799834

A Meal for you... a Snack for two!

These 4oz. Packs – make Ideal snacks!

CAMP PIE

A tasty snack for you alone. No waste, no left-over worries. Nice for any time of the day.

HAMPE

Fry it with eggs, serve it with salads. Slice it for sandwiches. It's better'n ham!

MEAT AND SPAGHETTI

A meal for you—a snack for two! Serve it hot—serve it cold. It's delicious!

BEEF SNACK

Just the thing when you feel "peckish." A big meal in a little can. It's beef—it's "tops"!

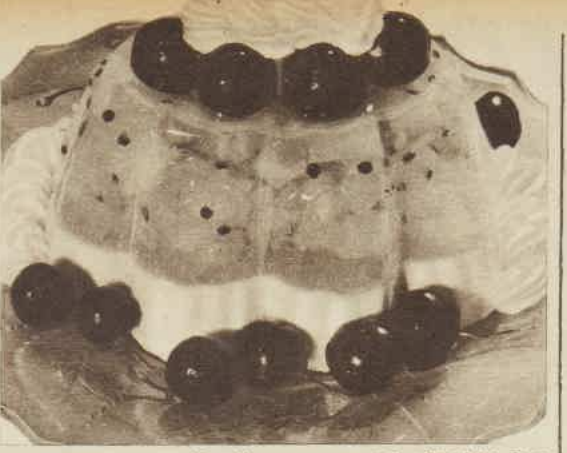
The Best canned foods are branded

Imperial

They're Flavour-Sealed!

Delicious Imperial meals ...right off your kitchen shelf

A2.163.F7



JELLIED FRUIT SALAD, with a creamy marshmallow base, is a delicious hot weather sweet. Pineapple included in the fruit salad must be cooked first, because uncooked pineapple prevents jelly setting.

Smooth sweet wins £5

● Simple, homely recipes to add interest to everyday family meals win prizes in this week's contest.

SMOOTH marshmallow makes a delicious base for an attractive jellied fruit salad which wins this week's main prize of £5.

A good lunch-box biscuit made with rolled oats and coconut wins a consolation prize.

All spoon measurements are level.

FRUIT SALAD MARSHMALLOW

One packet red or yellow jelly, 2 cups boiling water, 1½ cups prepared fruit salad, including ½ cup cooked pineapple, cherries, and mint sprigs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg-white, cream and cherries to decorate.

Dissolve jelly in boiling water. When cold set a thin layer in bottom of fancy mould with a pattern of cherries and mint sprigs. Add a little more jelly and allow to set. Place drained fruit salad in mould, add balance of jelly, and allow to set. Bring sugar, water, and gelatine to boiling point, cook 5 minutes. Allow to become cold, beat until thick and white. Fold in lemon juice, vanilla, and stiffly beaten egg-white. Pour into mould on top of jellied fruit. Chill until firm. Unmould on to serving-dish, decorate with whipped cream and cherries.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. Colin Smith, Koornong Rd., Warrandyte, Vic.

MUNCHIES

One cup plain flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 cup coconut, ¼lb. butter or other shortening, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 tablespoons boiling water.

Mix dry ingredients together. Melt butter in boiling water, add syrup and soda. Stir into dry ingredients. Mix well. Place teaspoonful at a time on to greased tray. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until browned, about 10 minutes. Allow to cool on tray.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Watson, Post Office, Victoria Estate, Ingham, North Queensland.

JELLIED SALADS

Continued from page 49

ADD balance of gelatine to remaining stock, stir over heat until dissolved. Allow to cool, stir in mayonnaise. Fold in diced tongue, any remaining asparagus sticks (diced), celery, red pepper, mustard, salt, pepper to taste. Fill into mould, chill. Unmould when set, garnish with cream cheese and parsley. Arrange tongue and tomato slices around platter, add lettuce, radish roses, and parsley.

PRAWN AND LOBSTER SHAPE

One small lobster, 1lb. prawns, ½ cup tartare sauce, ¼ cup water, 2 cups fish or vegetable stock, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, stuffed olives, ¼ cup diced cooked celery, salt, pepper, lemon baskets, lettuce, and parsley to garnish.

Diced flesh of lobster, shell prawns and dice, reserving some whole ones. Soften 1 dessertspoon of the gelatine in water, stir over boiling water until dissolved. Add to tartare sauce, set in bottom of wetted mould. Arrange whole prawns and slices of olive around side of mould. Heat stock, add balance of gelatine and stir until dissolved, cool. Add lemon juice, salt, pepper, and yellow coloring if desired. Barely cover prawns in mould with this stock, allow to set. Add diced lobster and prawns mixed with celery and seasoned with salt and pepper. Pour in balance of stock, chill until set. Unmould and serve with lemon baskets (see color photograph), lettuce, and parsley.

APRICOT CREAM

Three dessertspoons gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, ¼ cup sugar, pinch salt, ½ cup syrup (from apricots), 1 cup mashed cooked apricots, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, fresh or preserved fruit to decorate, a few green leaves.

Soften gelatine in cold water; add sugar, salt, and syrup. Stir over low heat until sugar and gelatine are dissolved. Add mashed apricots and lemon juice, mix well. When beginning to thicken fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into wetted mould, chill until firm. Unmould on to serving dish, decorate with fruit and green leaves.

Helpful pre-natal service . . .

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

DURING the seven years since The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau was established, thousands of letters have been received from mothers seeking mothercraft advice.

In addition to the correspondence section, a pre-natal service of practical demonstrations is available, covering special exercises for mothers, cot-making, and baby-bathing, at the Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street Sydney. Phone M2406, Ext. 307, for appointments.

For BURNS and SUNBURN

USE

Pure, safe, soothing

Vaseline

PETROLEUM JELLY

Remember, there is only ONE "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly—*the one pictured above.* This is the scientifically refined and purified Petroleum Jelly — *which never varies in odour, colour and purity.* Be certain you get safe, pure "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Always ask for it by its *full name.* Keep it in your house for 101 daily uses.

At all chemists and stores.

"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd.

V313

CLEAR SPOTS AND PIMPLES

from your skin

Many peach-blossom complexions and smooth olive skins have lost their lustre through vitamin deficiency, causing embarrassing pimples. Yeaston, a pure active yeast, is one of the richest known forms of vitamins B1 and B2. Two or three concentrated Yeaston tablets taken regularly will soon repair your diet.

Yeaston also gives relief to: Boils, Abscesses and Carbuncles, Indigestion, Nervous Debility, Fatigue, Children's Upset Stomach, Flatulence, Blood Disorders and general ailments which come with vitamin deficiency.

Pure active yeast in concentrated tablet form.

New Asthma and Bronchitis Discovery

Choking, gasping, wheezing **Asthma and Bronchitis** poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Quickly, **Mendaco**—the famous scientific prescription—circulates through the blood, quickly relieving the attacks. The very first day the strangling congestion is dissolved, thus giving free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless **Mendaco tablets** at meals and be relieved from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. **Mendaco** is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely satisfy or money back on return of empty package. Get **Mendaco** from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Arrests Asthma ✱ Bronchitis ✱ Hay Fever

A. M.

AUSTRALIA'S LEADING MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Fiction . . . Sport . . . Articles and Color Pictures.

At all Newsagents and Bookstalls. 1/-

FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799835

Mr. R. Riddell is one of Australia's foremost Interior Decorators. His impeccable taste and artistic knowledge have enriched and beautified Australian homes great and small.

"Wallpaper brings colour, warmth and beauty into your home"

says Mr. R. RIDDELL, Distinguished Interior Decorator

Here Mr. Riddell illustrates the dramatic effect of first selecting a celadon wallpaper, then carpet, and damask drapes in harmony, accented with porcelain white.

Famous overseas designers agree that . . .

WALLPAPER makes cold and dingy rooms warm, friendly, light and colorful . . . so easy to live in.

WALLPAPER makes a luxurious background for furniture, blinds, carpets, rugs and floor coverings, to strike a rich and harmonious note of luxury.

WALLPAPER can be so rich in itself, it gives your rooms a furnished look. You need less furniture than with unpapered walls—and so save money.

WALLPAPER gives you luxurious color effects you can get no other way.

"I am using wallpaper more than ever" declares Mr. Riddell.

"Wallpaper offers an almost unlimited change of scene" says Mr. Riddell. "Quite the newest effect is matched furnishings. Choose your wallpaper first, then drapes and carpeting to tone. The result is spacious, light and luxurious."

"In addition to this, wallpaper is so very modern, versatile and inexpensive to use. It can transform and rejuvenate the stateliest or simplest home."

Beautiful Patterns by World-Famous Designers.

With wallpaper you choose from hundreds of colorful modern designs, and see exciting effects being created right before your eyes. You can express your own good taste —and do it so very economically — for wallpaper saves time and extra labour costs. So when you decorate or re-decorate *think of wallpaper first*. Ask your retailer to show you the latest pattern books.

Be smart and modern . . . choose

Wallpaper

Ask for these famous ENGLISH brands: "CROWN" (The Wallpaper Manufacturers Ltd.), SANDERSON, and SHAND KYDD.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799836

"Oh NO! Please not THAT" cried

Letty Lettuce

"That's a very tempting salad, but please don't make it taste the same as every other salad you've ever made! Please don't give me that old-fashioned recipe you mix at home, Mrs. Housewife! Why not make your salads EXTRA tasty . . . EXTRA nourishing with Kraft Mayonnaise!"

"Here's the way— KRAFT MAYONNAISE!"

"This new, improved Kraft Mayonnaise has a new kind of flavour which makes any salad taste TWICE as delicious! Smoother, creamier too — and look at this lovely re-usable Swanky Swig glass!"

KRAFT MAYONNAISE is made just the way you *LIKE* your mayonnaise

NEW! IMPROVED! WONDER FLAVOUR!

If you've never tasted Kraft Mayonnaise, or haven't tried it lately, you've a wonderful taste sensation coming!

Made with choice, wholesome ingredients from a master recipe, here is a *true* mayonnaise. Not "oily"—but with a degree of sweetness which is "just right". Here's a new, exciting piquancy of flavour . . . a really *tasty* mayonnaise *everyone* enjoys.

Also—Kraft Mayonnaise stays *fresh* to the last delicious drop in its gay, re-usable "Swanky Swig" glass. Get a jar of Kraft Mayonnaise from your grocer today—and you'll never bother to make your own mayonnaise again. Never!

Ask for KRAFT MAYONNAISE

— the finest Salad Dressing of all!

5oz. "Swanky Swigs" and 12oz. Economical Jars

MO1

Operation Heartbreak

Continued from page 42

VERY dissatisfied by Horry's vague generalisation, Willie tried a more practical question, and asked, "But how about money?"

Horry's face cleared. Here was a question he could answer.

"Oh, she's all right for money. Mum left her everything that she could. It's not the earth, but she won't starve, bless her heart, and if ever she wants a bit extra she's only got to ask her rich brother, the West End favorite with the big future in Hollywood."

"How about young men and all that?" Willie asked, trying hard to make the question sound casual.

"Oh, she's got plenty," Horry answered. "I'm always seeing her with them at restaurants. Nobody I know, though, and she doesn't introduce them."

Before they separated, Willie made Horry promise to make a plan for his next visit to London, the date of which he already knew. Horry would get seats for a play, a popular success, whi h he knew that Felicity wanted to see, and Willie would take her.

They would all meet for supper afterwards, when Horry would bring another girl to complete the party.

So Willie travelled north with the comfortable sensation of looking forward to a certain day. He needed comfort when he got there, for he learnt that the blow had fallen, and that the regiment was to be mechanised forthwith. To make the blow yet harder to bear there came the news that Hamilton, who had been away for two or three years, was returning as second-in-command.

It was at this time that the thought of leaving the Army first presented itself to Willie's mind, as a course that ought to be considered, and not as the abandonment of all that made life desirable.

He had never taken any interest in machinery. He had never shared the interest which most of his contemporaries took in motor cars. He had found them useful for getting about and he had learnt to drive them, badly, but he had never tried to tinker with them.

But still he kept in his heart the ambition that he had had as a schoolboy and which had always remained with him. He was still young and active, and there were beginning to be rumors of war. The day might yet come when that ambition would be fulfilled and he would go into battle with his regiment.

The evening to which Willie had been looking forward arrived. Felicity came in her small car to pick him up at his club. He was standing in the window waiting for her. He felt proud to be called for by such a beautiful girl. They had a box at the theatre, which gave a sensation of comfort and intimacy.

He found no difficulty in talking to her. Conversation flowed easily. She told him that when she was a child he had been her hero. He trembled with pleasure, and asked her why.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I suppose because the others were brothers, and apart from them I didn't know anyone else."

His heart sank. He asked her whom Horry would be bringing to supper.

"I expect it will be Miriam Love," she answered. "They've been friends for a very long time."

"What is she like, and what does she do?" asked Willie.

"She's very pretty. She's on the stage, but she hasn't got a part just now. She's married to a second-rate actor." She went off at a tangent. "Oh, Willie, tell me about Daisy Summers. I'm so glad you didn't marry her. What happened?"

Willie told the little there was to tell, and Felicity listened sympathetically. He ended by saying he glad he had been to get her letter and asked why she had written it.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I used often to think of you, and I was so sorry when I heard you were engaged to a girl of that sort."

"Did you think she was a bad girl?"

"Oh no, no—only silly, ordinary and pointless."

LEAVING the theatre, Willie and Felicity went on to the Savoy Grill, where they met Horry with Miriam Love. Willie recognised her at once as the girl who had been with Horry on that night, so many years ago, when he had invited them to join him and his brother officers at supper.

Ten years had made very little difference to her. He thought her better-looking than ever. He recalled that evening, and they laughed together over how angry Horry had been.

"Silly Horry! He still gets angry over things that don't matter," Miriam declared.

It was a gay party. Everybody had plenty to say; Willie less than the others, but he did not feel out of it. When he suggested that they should go on to the Players Club it was already too late. Horry and Miriam went off together, and Willie was left with Felicity.

"Can't we go somewhere else?" he asked.

"No," she answered decisively. "I'm tired. Jump into my car. I'll drop you. It's on my way."

He knew it would be useless to argue, but although he had enjoyed every minute of the evening he was left with a feeling of failure.

During the remainder of that summer Willie saw Felicity as often as he could. She seemed to have many engagements and never told him what they were. She never introduced him to her friends and, when he asked her to, said she did not think they would amuse him.

Please turn to page 54

UNWANTED HAIRS

VANIX Effective home treatment

Destroy unsightly hairs permanently by the "Vanix" devitalising treatment. "Vanix" penetrates deep into hair tissues and kills the roots without affecting the skin.

"VANIX" is priced at 6/10 a bottle (Posted 7/6), from Hallam's Pty. Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney (all branches); Washington H. Soul Pattinson and Co. Ltd., 160 Pitt St., Sydney (all branches); Myer Emporium, Melbourne and Adelaide; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boans Ltd., Perth.

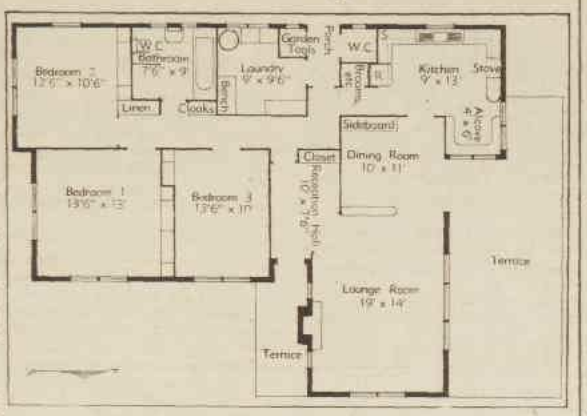
For informative folder, mention this paper and write to "VANIX," Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799837

Entry in home competition

The ground plan on the right is an entry in our Plan-A-Home Contest submitted by a reader who lives in the Sydney harbor-side suburb of Castlecrag.

Deep red face-bricks are used for the house, the outside woodwork is painted ivory, and the guttering green.



AMPLE STORAGE SPACE and modern conveniences are features of this entry in our Plan-A-Home Contest. A contest plan will be published each week until the results are announced. Such plans are not necessarily prize-winners.

BEDROOMS are grouped together in this plan, and with the bathroom form a com-

ain and third bed- the sun in the morn- he winter, and are rom the afternoon sun r.

utherly windows in two enable advantage to of cool summer breezes.

eception hall is of ade- ze. The entrance door d to provide protection e weather.

The lounge-room has wide windows to the north which look out on to the big terrace and add an air of space. The dining-section, separated only by a waist-high china and cocktail cabinet, adds to the area of the room, too.

The placing of the kitchen reduces walking in relation to the dining-room, main terrace, reception hall, and side porch.

The kitchen has a dining-alcove with windows both to the north and to the east. This nook could also be used for sewing and other tasks.

The laundry has been planned as a room to provide a work bench and cupboards in addition to laundry equipment.

Woodwork throughout is of polished maple, except in the kitchen and laundry, where it is painted ivory.

Reception Hall: The floor is covered with self-patterned blue-grey carpet, which also covers the lounge-room floor. A small table and chair of light walnut are the only furnishings in the hall. The chair seat is of plain mid-blue tapestry.

Lounge-room: Window drapes are of mushroom-pink satin, curtains cream marquisette. Walls and ceiling are painted pale grey. Colors are repeated in floral tapestry covering chairs and lounge. Plain cushions of dominant colors. Dining-section furnishings follow the same scheme.

Main Bedroom: Blue-grey carpet with very pale blue walls and ceiling. Drapes are of pale pink satin damask and bedspread blue quilted satin. A pale pink satin damask-covered chair has a large pale blue cushion.

Schoolboy's Room: The carpet is fawn cord and the curtains are steel-blue linen, matching the easy chair and cushion and bedspread. Pipings are maroon.

Teenage Girl's Room: The wall-to-wall carpet is primrose and green, the curtains of ivory voile, with drapes of apple-green taffeta. The frilled ivory voile bedspread has underspread of green taffeta. A green damask-covered chair has primrose taffeta cushion.

Kitchen and Alcove: The floor is covered with cream and red marbled rubber. Red and white hail-spot voile curtains have frilled edges. Round table in alcove has chrome legs and cream laminex top. Stools have red leather seats and match alcove seat cover.

Bathroom: Bath and hand-basin are primrose, wall tiles are cream, matt finished, with narrow maroon beading six inches from top. The floor tiles are in three shades of cream.

Garden snapshot of the week

The winner of the second weekly prize of £2/2/- for the best gardening picture and story is Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, of Linsdale, Hoxton Park, via Liverpool, N.S.W., whose charming little country garden is shown on this page.

IT is ten years since Mrs. Reynolds took up gardening as a hobby. As the climate of the district is hot and dry and there is clay subsoil close to the surface she had to plant only shrubs and flowers of hardy types.

Here is her story of her garden: "I planted couch lawns to frame the garden in restful green, and made one large flower-bed which is backed by oleanders in different shades as well as by habrothamnus and bird of paradise shrubs.

"The remainder of the bed is massed with pentstemons, ceratostigma, Orange triumph roses, and phlox. The result is a gradual rising of color up to the shrubs, offset by gum-trees, retained wherever possible on the property.

"The shrubs and dwarf roses prevent an empty look during the change over from summer to winter flowers.

"I have proved that compost hoed in twice each year reduces plant disease. Compost heaps are made all the year round from lawn clippings, vegetable peelings, and leaves, which are rotted down.

"Poultry manure, lime, and the ashes from woody prunings are also added to the compost and help considerably to build up the nutrient content. Compost is used liberally as a mulch on all beds and frequently supplemented by generous additions of liquid manure."

HOME of Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, of Hoxton Park, N.S.W., who wins the £2/2/- prize awarded weekly for a home garden photograph and description of the garden.

EACH week a cash prize of £2/2/- is awarded to the reader who sends in the best snapshot of a home garden with a 200-word account of methods of cultivation and production.

Any member of the family may take a snapshot of your garden and send it in.

Readers are also invited to send in color pictures of their gardens. A special cash prize of £5 will be awarded for any color picture used.

Your picture and story need not necessarily be of a flower garden only. It may show a well-laid-out vegetable plot, a window box, penthouse or balcony garden, an eye-catching shrubbery, a collection of well-grown pot plants, a water-garden, fine rockery, or wall-garden.

We invite gardeners to enter this contest at once.

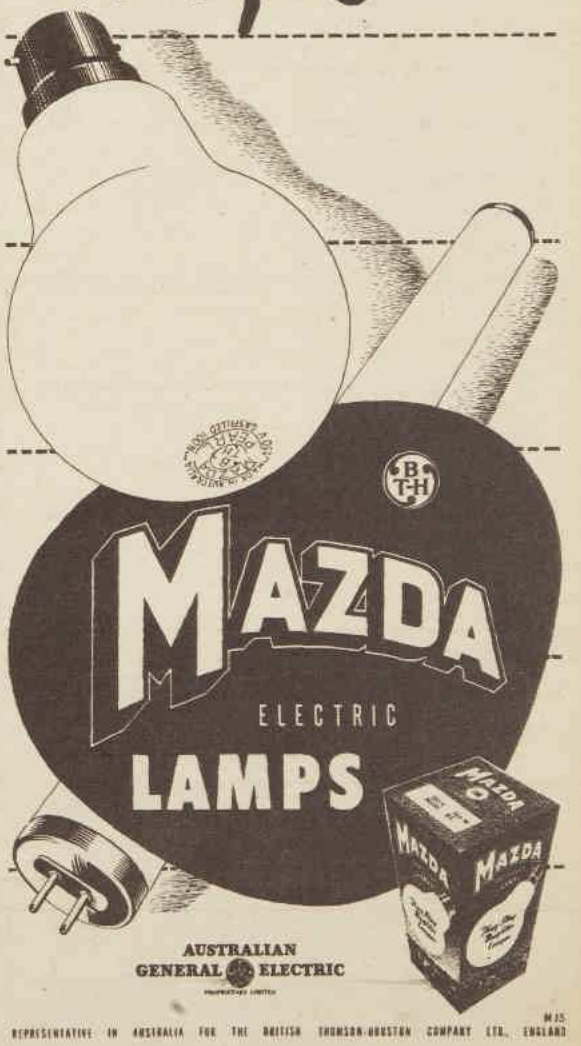
Black-and white snapshots should be printed on glossy paper, and, if possible, accompanied by the negatives. Only transparencies will be accepted for snapshots in color.

Stories and pictures should be forwarded to the "Home Gardener," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Pictures will not be considered unless they are accompanied by stories of "How I Did It."

Awards for color pictures and stories will be announced shortly.

Negatives and prints not used will be returned if stamped addressed envelopes are included with entries.

they stay brighter longer...



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799838

Hair Loveliness

True hair loveliness is quickly and easily acquired by blending the magic beautifying properties of a Marigny Hair Vitaliser treatment with that softest and most natural of all permanent waves—the Marigny Cold Wave. Remember, your hair deserves professional care and Marigny hair beauty preparations, which by the way are superb.

In this way, your hair will take on an exciting, eye-catching beauty that will be admired by all.

Discerning women everywhere realise that the name Marigny stands for the best that money can buy.

MARIGNY

ASK FOR:

MARIGNY Hair Vitaliser, Price 2/10 per tube.

MARIGNY Foam Shampoo, Price 3/-.

MARIGNY Wave Set Lotion, Price 2/10.

PRODUCED BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS MARIGNY COLD WAVE, 177 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE, 39 PARK ST., SYDNEY & ALL STATES.

Operation Heartbreak

Continued from page 52

DURING the winter it happened that Willie had to spend a Sunday evening in London. He rang up Horry, and they arranged to dine together at a little restaurant in Soho. When he arrived there Horry was waiting for him at a table for three.

"Felicity's coming," he explained.

Willie was rather annoyed that his heart gave a bound. He had not seen Felicity since she had gone on a holiday to Brittany without a word to him. And he had tried hard to forget her.

Felicity arrived late. When the door of the restaurant was flung open Willie knew she was coming, and when she walked quickly in and sat down without explanation or apology, he knew that he was more in love with her than ever.

How happy he felt to be with her, and with Horry once again! How different their conversation was from that of his other friends! And how infinitely more amusing!

They drank Chianti and talked until all the other diners had left, and most of the waiters. Then they drank liqueurs, until the proprietor was obliged, very reluctantly, to tell them that it was long past closing time. They took a taxi, and they dropped Horry first, and Willie insisted upon driving Felicity back to Chelsea.

He threw his arms round her and kissed her passionately. She made no resistance. And when he told her that he loved her better than the whole world, and that he had never loved anyone else, she answered simply, "Darling."

"I've been so angry with you," he whispered. "I've tried so hard to forget you."

"Yes, I was afraid you were," she answered, very low.

"Why did you make no sign?" he asked, but she answered only "Darling."

When they came to the house where she was staying he asked whether he might come in. "No, my love," she laughed gently, "of course not. There are people there."

"Then you must have lunch with me to-morrow, for I have to leave in the afternoon."

"I can't to-morrow," she said, "but next time you're here."

They arranged when they would meet, and where.

"I love you so," he said.

"I love you, too," she answered, and then firmly slipped out of his embrace and was gone.

In Willie's mind marriage remained the natural and logical sequel to love. If Felicity loved him she would be prepared to marry him, and yet he could hardly believe that she would. She had ideas on every subject that were so different from the ideas of other people.

One evening at this time he found himself with Hamilton. He had not come to like him, but long acquaintance had induced a certain intimacy, and his advice on any matter was worth having.

"I'm thinking of chucking the Army," Willie said suddenly. "Would you advise me to?"

Hamilton usually addressed Willie in a tone of superficially good-natured, but occasionally malicious, banter. Asked a serious question, however, about a serious and partly military subject, he immediately became serious himself, and sought to answer it to the best of his ability.

"There's a good deal to be said on both sides," he answered. "I know that you don't like mechanical warfare and you are finding it difficult to adapt yourself. At the same time, you are very fond of the regiment. I know that. I think you might miss it very much if you gave it up."

Touched by such good sense and such sympathy, Willie blurted out: "I'm thinking of getting married."

"Bravo!" said Hamilton. "That solves the problem," and then returning to his lighter tone, "Paterfamilias has no time for regimental duties."

"But is there going to be another war?" asked Willie. "I just missed the last one, you know, and I couldn't bear to miss the next one."

"I don't know whether there's going to be a war," said Hamilton, "but this I do know: if you leave the regiment now you'll go on the reserve of officers, and if a war comes along while you can still bear arms, you'll return to the regiment on the day of mobilisation—or a few days earlier."

"Can I count on that?"

"You may be quite certain," said Hamilton gravely, "that you would rejoin the regiment as soon as war broke out. We should need every trained officer we could lay our hands on."

"That's a great relief to me," said Willie. "In fact, it removes the chief obstacle that stood in my way. The only other thing is that I should have liked to have got my majority before I left."

Hamilton was silent. He had his own opinions as to Willie's qualifications for the rank of major.

After a moment or two Willie added: "Well, I shall go on thinking it over. You won't tell anybody, will you?"

"I won't," said Hamilton, and he didn't.

WHEN Willie next met Felicity he told her that he intended to leave the Army. She was very surprised.

"Oh, Willie," she said, "would you be wise to do that? It seems hard to imagine you out of the Army. It's so much a part of you. Would you be happy if you gave it up?"

"I should be happy if you would marry me," he said.

"Oh, my poor love," she cried in deep concern, "I hope you will not think of that. I have no wish to marry. Whether I ever shall I cannot say, but certainly not now. If that was why you wanted to leave the Army, pray do nothing of the sort."

"But why should you refuse to marry me?" he persisted obstinately. "You said you loved me a few nights ago."

"I do love you, I do indeed. But I can never see that that has much to do with it. So few married people love each other, and so many people who aren't married do."

"That's all cynical rot," said Willie. "Would you do away with marriage altogether?"

"Oh, no, of course not, but I feel that it is not for me—not at present, anyway."

"Well, what am I to do?" asked Willie.

"I suppose that if I were a nice girl I should say 'Forget me,' but that's the last thing I want you to do. So go on loving me, my darling Willie, and I will go on loving you. And we'll have great fun, and not be too serious, and who knows what may happen in the end?"

Willie took these last, vague words as a kind of promise. He would say to himself afterwards, "She told me not to give up hope, but to wait." This was not quite what Felicity had meant.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

EVEN BLINDFOLD you can pick these delicious flavours!

6 KRAFT MEAT PASTES – WITH THAT TASTIER FLAVOUR!

1. Chicken & Ham
2. Turkey & Tongue
3. Hamette
4. Ham & Tongue
5. Devilled Ham
6. Ham Pate

And–

KRAFT FISH PASTES – IN A WIDE VARIETY OF SEA FOOD FLAVOURS!

These same delicious Kraft Fish Pastes are also available in 1 oz. tins. The Meat Pastes also come in 1½ oz. tins under the famous Red Feather label.

KRAFT DELICIOUS PASTES

KP03

CHEMISTS RECOMMEND

portex Plastic Skin

for SUNBURNED LIPS

Chapped or Sore Lips, and All Minor Skin Injuries.

Made in England by Portland Plastics Ltd.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799839

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6280.—Beginner's pattern for boy's shirt. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1⅝yds. 36in. material. Special price, 1/6.

F6279.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/9.

✦ ✦ ✦

F6281.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 9yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

✦ ✦ ✦

F6282.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. and ½yd. 36in. contrast material. Price, 2/6.

F6283.—Maternity slip. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material with ⅝yd. 36in. lace and 5yds. ½in. lace edging. Price, 2/6.

✦ ✦ ✦

F6284.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your city. Or patterns may be obtained from our offices at: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne; Royal Insurance Building, 13 Grenfell Street, Adelaide; The Examiner, 71-77 Paterson Street, Launceston; 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 666, Auckland.
Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart.

NORMAN **VON NIDA**

GOLF CHAMPION, says:

"Horlicks helps me sleep soundly — and has a wonderful tonic effect on my system."

"I find Horlicks invaluable", says Von Nida, "particularly when I'm playing competitive golf. That's when I must have a good night's sleep and wake up feeling fine — and that's when Horlicks does me the most good".

While you sleep your body goes on burning up energy. Breathing and heartbeats both use up energy — and unless it is replaced *while you sleep*, you awake tired. You feel dull . . . often irritable, "nervy", and can't give your best.

A glass of nourishing Horlicks before bed brings deep, restful sleep. *And, Horlicks replaces that energy you lose during sleep.* After Horlicks, you awake refreshed, bright-eyed and ready for the day.

Every glass of Horlicks is a *tonic* for your whole system. Made from full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat, Horlicks soon builds you up. What's more, you get the benefits of Horlicks *much quicker* because Horlicks is a *balanced* food drink, specially manufactured so that its goodness *goes straight into your blood stream.*

So drink Horlicks regularly before bed for deep, refreshing sleep and bubbling vitality the next day. Buy your tin today!

Rich in These Food Values

PROTEIN
CALCIUM
CARBOHYDRATES
MINERAL SALTS
VITAMIN A
VITAMIN B1
VITAMIN B2

— when mixed as directed

• • •

Ask your storekeeper for

HORLICKS

8-oz. TIN **2/2** 16-oz. TIN **3/6**

Prices slightly higher in country areas.

HO-1

"Just what he needs..."

and I know he'll have good wear from this Dencraft suit. Dad has always had such satisfaction from all of his Dencraft clothing"

The same careful workmanship and fine materials are used in Dencraft Suits for Boys. Since 1896, the Dencraft brand has been a guarantee of satisfaction for all boys' and men's wear.

Dencraft CLOTHING

Made with care for longer wear

CD18

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799840

Try them by Themselves-or

SUGGESTED SPREADS FOR BUTTERED SAOS

PLAIN—with milk or tea—with cheese, jam, ham or marmalade.

★

ANCHOVY BUTTER—butter which has been softened and mixed with anchovy paste.

★

SALMON OR CRAB PASTES.

★

COOKED BACON AND HARD BOILED EGG.

★

CHOPPED EGG, SARDINE AND MAYONNAISE DRESSING.

★

CREAM CHEESE, CHOPPED OLIVES AND MAYONNAISE.

only **Arnott's** *make* **Saos**

There is no Substitute for Quality

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5799841